

# DOUGLASS' MONTHLY.

"OPEN THY MOUTH FOR THE DUMB, IN THE CAUSE OF ALL SUCH AS ARE APPOINTED TO DESTROY THEM: OPEN THY MOUTH FOR THE DUMB, AND PERADVENTURE THEY SHALL BE DELIVERED."—Proverbs xxxi. 8. I have the honor, and

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## DOUGLASS' MONTHLY

ROCHESTER August 1st, 1863.

MAJOR G. L. STEARNS :—MY DEAR SIR—  
Having declined to attend the meeting to promote enlistments, appointed for me at Pittsburgh, in present circumstances, I owe you a word of explanation. I have hitherto deemed it a duty, as it certainly has been a pleasure, to cooperate with you in the work of raising colored troops in the free states, to fight the battles of the Republic against the slaveholding rebels and traitors. Upon the first call you gave me to this work, I responded with alacrity. I saw, or thought I saw a ray of light, brightening the future of my whole race as well as that of our war-troubled country, in arousing colored men to fight for the nation's life, I continue to believe in the black man's arm, and still have some hope in the integrity of our rulers. Nevertheless, I must for the present leave to others the work of persuading colored men to join the Union Army. I owe it to my long abused people, and especially those of them already in the army, to expose their wrongs and plead their cause. I cannot do that in connection with recruiting. When I plead for recruits, I want to do it with all my heart, without qualification. I cannot do that now. The impression settles upon me that colored men have much overrated the enlightenment, justice and generosity of our rulers at Washington. In my humble way I have contributed somewhat to that false estimate. You know, that when the idea of raising colored troops was first suggested, the special duty to be assigned them, was the garrisoning of forts and arsenals in certain warm, unhealthy and miasmatic localities in the South. They were thought to be better adapted to that service than white troops. White troops, trained to war, brave and daring, were to take fortifications, and the blacks were to hold them and keep them from falling again into the hands of the rebels—Three advantages were to arise out of this wise division of labor. 1st. The spirit and pride of white troops was not to waste itself in dull and monotonous inactivity in fort-life.

Their arms were to be kept bright by constant use. 2dly. The health of the white troops was to be preserved. 3dly. Black troops were to have the advantage of sound military training, and be otherwise useful at the same time that they should be tolerably secure from capture by the rebels, who early avowed their determination to enslave and slaughter them in defiance of the laws of war. Two out of the three advantages, were to accrue to the white troops. Thus far however, I believe that no such duty as holding fortifications has been committed to colored troops. They have done far other and more important work than holding fortifications. I have no special complaint to make at this point, and I simply mention it to strengthen the statement that from the beginning of this business it was the confident belief among both the colored and white friends of colored enlistments that President Lincoln as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy would certainly see to it, that his colored troops should be so handled and disposed of as to be but little exposed to capture by the rebels, and that—if so exposed—as they have repeatedly been from the first, the President possessed both the disposition and the means for compelling the rebels to respect the rights of such as might fall in their hands. The piratical proclamation of President Davis, announcing Slavery and assassination to colored prisoners was before the country and the world. But men had faith in Mr. Lincoln and his advisers. He was silent, to be sure, but charity suggested that being a man of action rather than words, he only waited for a case in which he should be required to act. This faith in the man enabled us to speak with warmth and effect in urging enlistments among colored men. That faith, my dear Sir, is now nearly gone. Various occasions have arisen during the last six months for the exercise of his power in behalf of the colored men in his service. But no word comes from Mr. Lincoln or from the War Department, sternly assuring the Rebel Chief that inquisitions shall yet be made for innocent blood. No word of retaliation when a black man is slain by a rebel in cold blood. No word was said when free men from Massachusetts were caught and sold into slavery in Texas. No word is said when brave black men who according to the testimony of both friend and foe, fought like heroes to plant the star-spangled banner on the blazing parapets of Fort Wagner, and in doing so were captured, some mutilated and killed, and others sold into slavery. The same crushing silence reigns over this scandalous outrage as over that of the slaughtered teamsters at Manfreesboro.—The same as over that at Millikens Bend and Vicksburg. I am free to say, my dear Sir, that the case looks as if the confiding colored soldiers had been betrayed into bloody hands by the very Government in whose defense they were heroically fighting. I know what you will say to this; you will say; "wait a little longer, and after all, the best way to have

justice done to you, is to wait until you are in the army as the colored men may be right in this; my argument has been the same, but have we not already waited, and have we not already shown the highest qualities of soldiers and on this account deserve the protection of the Government for which we are fighting? Can any case stronger than that before Charleston ever arise? If the President is ever to demand justice and humanity for black soldiers, is not this the time for him to do it? How many 54ths must be cut to pieces, its mutilated prisoners killed and its living sold into slavery, to be tortured to death by inches before Mr. Lincoln shall say: "Hold, enough?"

You know the 54th. To you, more than any one man belongs the credit of raising that Regiment. Think of its noble and brave officers literally backed to pieces while many of its rank and file have been sold into slavery worse than death, and pardon me if I hesitate about assisting in raising a fourth Regiment until the President shall give the same protection to them as to white soldiers.

With warm and sincere regards,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Since writing the foregoing letter, which we have now put upon record, we have received assurance from Major Stearns, that the Government of the United States is already taking measures which will secure for the captured colored soldiers, at Charleston and elsewhere, the same protection against slavery and cruelty, extended to white soldiers. What ought to have been done at the beginning, comes late, but it comes. The poor colored soldiers have purchased this interference dearly. It really seems that nothing of justice, liberty or humanity can come to us except through tears and blood.

## THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND HIS BLACK SOLDIERS.

Whatever else may be said of President Lincoln, the most malignant Copperhead in the country cannot reproach him with any modicum of solicitude for the lives and liberties of the brave black men, who are now giving their arms and hearts to the support of his Government. When a boy, on a slave plantation the saying was common: "Half a cent to kill a negro and half a cent to bury him."—The luxury of killing and burying could be enjoyed by the poorest members of Southern society, and no strong temptation was required to induce white men thus to kill and bury the black victims of their lust and cruelty.—With a Bible and pulpit affirming that the negro is accursed of God, it is not strange that men should curse him, and that all over the South there should be manifested for the life and liberty of this disinherited man, the uttermost indifference and contempt. Unhappily the same indifference and contempt for the lives of colored men is found wherever slavery has an advocate or treason an apologist. In the late terrible mobs in New York



and elsewhere, the grim features of this malice towards colored men was every where present. Beat, shoot, hang, stab, kill, burn and destroy the negro, was the cry of the crowd. Religion has cursed him and the law has enslaved him, and why may not the mob kill him?—Such has been our national education on this subject, and that it still has power over Mr. Lincoln seems evident from the fact, that no measures have been openly taken by him to cause the laws of civilized warfare to be observed towards his colored soldiers. The slaughter of blacks taken as captives, seems to affect him as little as the slaughter of bees for the use of his army. More than six months ago Mr. Jefferson Davis told Mr. Lincoln and the world, that he meant to treat blacks not as soldiers but as felons. The threat was openly made, and has been faithfully executed by the rebel chief. At Murfreesboro twenty colored teamsters in the Federal service, were taken by the rebels, and though not soldiers, and only servants, they were in cold blood—every man of them—shot down. At Milliken Bend, the same black flag with its death's head and cross-bones was raised. When Banks entered Port Hudson he found white federal prisoners, but no black ones. Those of the latter taken, were no doubt, in cold blood put to the sword. To-day, news from Charleston tells us that negro soldiers taken as prisoners will not be exchanged, but sold into slavery—that some twenty of such prisoners are now in their hands. Thousands of negroes are now being enrolled in the service of the Federal Government. The Government calls them, and they come. They freely and joyously rally around the flag of the Union, and take all the risks ordinary and extraordinary, involved in this war. They do it not for office, for thus far, they get none; they do it not for money, for thus far, their pay is less than that of white men. They go into this war to affirm their manhood, to strike for liberty and country.—If any class of men in this war can claim the honor of fighting for principle, and not from passion, for ideas, not from brutal malice, the colored soldier can make that claim preeminently. He strikes for manhood and freedom, under the forms of law and the usages of civilized warfare. He does not go forth as a savage with tomahawk and scalping knife, but in strict accordance with the rules of honorable warfare. Yet he is now openly threatened with slavery and assassination by the rebel Government—and the threat has been savagely executed.

What has Mr. Lincoln to say about this slavery and murder? What has he said?—Not one word. In the hearing of the nation he is as silent as an oyster on the whole subject. If two white men are threatened with assassination, the Richmond Rebels are promptly informed that, the Federal Government will retaliate sternly and severely. But when colored soldiers are so threatened, no word comes from the Capitol. What does this silence mean? Is there any explanation short of base and scandalous contempt for the just rights of colored soldiers?

For a time we tried to think that there might be solid reasons of state against answering the threats of Jefferson Davis—but the Government has knocked this favorable judgment from under us, by its prompt threat of retaliation in the case of the two white

officers at Richmond who are under sentence of death. Men will ask, the world will ask, why interference should be made for those young white officers thus selected for murder, and not for the brave black soldiers who may be flung by the fortunes of war into the hands of the rebels? Is the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" less sacred in the case of the one than the other?

It may be said that the black soldiers have enlisted with the threat of Jefferson Davis before them, and they have assumed their position intelligently, with a full knowledge of the consequences incurred. If they have, they have by that act shown themselves all the more worthy of protection. It is noble in the negro to brave unusual danger for the life of the Republic, but it is mean and base in the Republic if it rewards such generous and unselfish devotion by assassination, when a word would suffice to make the laws of war respected, and to prevent the crime. Shocking enough are the ordinary horrors of war, but the war of the rebels, toward the colored men is marked by deeds which well might "shame extremes hell." And until Mr. Lincoln shall interpose his power to prevent these atrocious assassinations of negro soldiers, the civilized world will hold him equally with Jefferson Davis responsible for them. The question is already being asked: Why is it that colored soldiers which were first enlisted with a view to "Garrison forts and arsenals, on the Southern coast,"—where white men suffer from climate, should never be heard of in any such forts and arsenals? Was that a trick? Why is it that they who were enlisted to fight the fevers of the South, while white soldiers fight the rebels are now only heard of in "forlorn hopes," in desperate charges, always in the van, as at Port Hudson, Milliken Bend, James Island and Fort Wagner? Green colored recruits are called upon to assume the position of veterans. They have performed their part gallantly and gloriously, but by all the proofs they have given of their patriotism and bravery we protest against the meanness, ingratitude and cruelty of the Government, in whose behalf they fight, if that Government remains longer a silent witness of their enslavement and assassination. Having had patience and forbearance with the silence of Mr. Lincoln a few months ago, we could at least imagine some excuses for his silence as to the fate of colored troops falling by the fortunes of war into the hands of the rebels, but the time for this is past. It is now for every man who has any sense of right and decency, to say nothing of gratitude, to speak out trumpet-tongued in the ears of Mr. Lincoln and his Government and demand from him a declaration of purpose, to hold the rebels to a strict account for every black federal soldier taken as a prisoner. For every black prisoner slain in cold blood, Mr. Jefferson Davis should be made to understand that one rebel officer shall suffer death, and for every colored soldier sold into slavery, a rebel shall be held as a hostage. For our Government to do less than this, is to deserve the indignation and the execration of mankind.

#### DUTY OF COLORED MEN.

Gov. Seward, having been inquired of by J. M. Langston as to the duty of colored men in view of the fact that the wages offered to them as soldiers are less than those of

fered to whites, sends a reply as follows:

"The duty of the colored man to defend his country wherever, whenever, and in whatever form, is the same with that of the white man. It does not depend on, nor is it affected by, what the country pays us, or what position she assigns us; but it depends on her need alone, and of that she, not we, are to judge. The true way to secure her rewards and win her confidence is not to stipulate for them, but to deserve them. Factional disputes among patriots, about compensations and honors invariably betray any people, of whatever race, into bondage. If you wish your race to be delivered from that curse, this is the time to secure their freedom in every land and for all generations. It is no time for any American citizen to be hesitating about pay or place.

"I am your obedient servant,

"WM. H. SEWARD."

We know not what answer—if any—Mr. LANGSTON has made to this remarkably sophisticated statement of the relations and duties of colored citizens to the American Government. We regret that the National Anti-Slavery Standard should have sent it out without a word of condemnation. To us the whole statement is an illustration of the cunning of the white hunter to the simple Indian: "you the crow and I the turkey, or I the turkey, and you the crow." "Heads I win, tails you lose." The Honorable Secretary of State has a very clear perception of the rights of Government, but in the citizen he sees only duties. We have in our simplicity always supposed that the relation of the citizen, to the State is one of reciprocal rights and duties, that the citizen is bound to render true allegiance to the State, and the State is equally bound to render that which is just and equal to the citizen. Mr. Seward's reasoning is a revival of the detestable doctrine now happily scouted with contempt, even through Europe, that "a subject is a person having duties but no rights." This happy piece of kingly coinage comes very properly from Lewis, King of Bavaria, but certainly is hardly fit to be echoed by the highest officer in the Cabinet of the United States. Not a word from Mr. Seward against the injustice and unfairness of asking the black citizen, to fight the battles of his country upon terms which would be scouted by white men. But with all—amazing coolness the Honorable Secretary of State from his high position in the Government ridicules such contemptible little springs as pay and place. For these the citizen is not to stipulate, but to deserve. He is further not to trouble his brain about either pay or place; the government alone will attend to those little matters. Now we doubt very much if Mr. Seward's political practice corresponds with his political preaching at this point. There is scarcely a place in the Government filled by a man who did not make some representation of his qualification for the place without waiting for the Government to discover his merits. Mr. Seward's lecture to colored men would be considered everywhere as twaddle if applied to white men, but popular prejudice imparts a visage of wisdom to what would otherwise pass for political nonsense. Colored men have a right not only to ask for equal pay for equal work, but that merit, not color, should be the criterion observed by Government in the distribution of places.

#### ENLISTMENT OF COLORED MEN.

In consequence of the lateness of the hour at which Mr. Frederick Douglass, the elo-



quent colored orator, spoke at the National Hall meeting on Monday evening, it was impossible to publish a full report of his remarks yesterday, which, however were much the most pertinent of all, as being arguments addressed by a colored man to his own race, in favor of enlistment. We subjoin a full report corrected by himself.

Mr. President and Fellow Citizens—I shall not attempt to follow Judge Kelley and Miss Dickinson in their eloquent and thrilling appeals to colored men to enlist in the service of the United States. They have left nothing to be desired on that point. I propose to look at the subject in a plain and practical common-sense light. There are obviously two views to be taken of such enlistments—a broad view and a narrow view. I am willing to take both, and consider both. The narrow view of this subject is that which respects the matter of dollars and cents. There are those among us who say they are in favor of taking a hand in this tremendous war, but they add they wish to do so on terms of equality with white men. They say if they enter the service, endure all the hardships, perils and suffering—if they make bare their breasts, and with strong arms and courageous hearts confront rebel cannons, and wring victory from the jaws of death, they should have the same pay, the same rations, the same bounty, and the same favorable conditions every way afforded to other men.

I shall not oppose this view. There is something deep down in the soul of every man present which assents to the justice of the claim thus made, and honors the manhood and self respect which insists upon it. I say at once, in peace and in war, I am content with nothing for the black man short of equal and exact justice. The only question I have, and the point at which I differ from those who refuse to enlist, is whether the colored man is more likely to obtain justice and equality while refusing to assist in putting down this tremendous rebellion than he would be if he should promptly, generously and earnestly give his hand and heart to the salvation of the country in this its day of calamity and peril. Nothing can be more plain, nothing more certain than that the speediest and best possible way open to us to manhood, equal rights and elevation, is that we enter this service. For my own part, I hold that if the Government of the United States offered nothing more, as an inducement to colored men to enlist, than bare subsistence and arms, considering the moral effect of compliance upon ourselves, it would be the wisest and best thing for us to enlist. There is something ennobling in the possession of arms, and we of all other people in the world stand in need of their ennobling influence.

The case presented in the present war, and the light in which every colored man is bound to view it, may be stated thus. There are two governments struggling now for the possession of and endeavoring to bear rule over the United States—one has its capital in Richmond, and is represented by Mr. Jefferson Davis, and the other has its capital at Washington, and is represented by 'Honest Old Abe.' These two governments are to-day face to face, confronting each other with vast armies, and grappling each other upon many a bloody field, north and south, on the banks of the Mississippi, and under the shadows of

the Alleghenies. Now, the question for every colored man is, or ought to be, what attitude is assumed by these respective governments and armies towards the rights and liberties of the colored race in this country; which is for us, and which against us?

Now, I think there can be no doubt as to the attitude of the Richmond or Confederate Government. Wherever else there has been concealment, here all is frank, open, and diabolically straightforward. Jefferson Davis and his government make no secret as to the cause of this war, and they do not conceal the purpose of the war. That purpose is nothing more nor less than to make the slavery of the African race universal and perpetual on this continent. It is not only evident from the history and logic of events, but the declared purpose of the atrocious war now being waged against the country. Some, indeed, have denied that slavery has anything to do with the war, but the very same men who do this affirm it in the same breath in which they deny it, for they tell you that the abolitionists are the cause of the war. Now, if the abolitionists are the cause of the war, they are the cause of it only because they have sought the abolition of slavery. View it in any way you please, therefore, the rebels are fighting for the existence of slavery—they are fighting for the privilege, the horrid privilege, of sundering the dearest ties of human nature—of trafficking in slaves and the souls of men—for the ghastly privilege of scourging women and selling innocent children.

I say this is not the concealed object of the war, but the openly confessed and shamelessly proclaimed object of the war. Vice-President Stephens has stated, with the utmost clearness and precision, the difference between the fundamental ideas of the Confederate Government and those of the Federal Government. One is based upon the idea that colored men are an inferior race, who may be enslaved and plundered forever and to the hearts' content of any men of a different complexion, while the Federal Government recognizes the natural and fundamental equality of all men.

I say, again, we all know that this Jefferson Davis government holds out to us nothing but fetters, chains, auction blocks, bludgeons, branding-irons, and eternal slavery and degradation. If it triumphs in this contest, woe, ten thousand woes, to the black man! Such of us as are free, in all the likelihoods of the case, would be given over to the most excruciating tortures, while the last hope of the long-crushed bondman would be extinguished forever.

Now, what is the attitude of the Washington Government towards the colored race? What reasons have we to desire its triumph in the present contest? Mind, I do not ask what was its attitude towards us before this bloody rebellion broke out. I do not ask what was its disposition when it was controlled by the very men who are now fighting to destroy it when they could no longer control it. I do not even ask what it was two years ago, when McClellan shamelessly gave out that in a war between loyal slaves and disloyal masters, he would take the side of the masters, against the slaves—when he openly proclaimed his purpose to put down slave insurrections with an iron hand—when glorious Ben. Butler, now stanned into a conversion to anti-slavery

principles, (which I have every reason to believe sincere,) proffered his services to the Governor of Maryland, to suppress a slave insurrection, while treason ran riot in that State, and the warm, red blood of Massachusetts soldiers still stained the pavements of Baltimore.

I do not ask what was the attitude of this Government when many of the officers and men who had undertaken to defend it, openly threatened to throw down their arms and leave the service if men of color should step forward to defend it, and be invested with the dignity of soldiers. Moreover, I do not ask what was the position of this Government when our loyal camps were made slave hunting grounds, and United States officers performed the disgusting duty of slave dogs to hunt down slaves for rebel masters. These were all dark and terrible days for the republic. I do not ask you about the dead past. I bring you to the living present. Events more mighty than men, eternal Providence, all-wise and all-controlling, have placed us in new relations to the Government and the Government to us. What that Government is to us to-day, and what it will be to-morrow, is made evident by a very few facts. Look at them, colored men. Slavery in the District of Columbia is abolished forever; slavery in all the territories of the United States is abolished forever; the foreign slave trade, with its ten thousand revolting abominations, is rendered impossible; slavery in ten States of the Union is abolished forever; slavery in the five remaining States is as certain to follow the same fate as the night is to follow the day. The independence of Hayti is recognized; her Minister sits beside our Prime Minister, Mr. Seward, and dines at his table in Washington, while colored men are excluded from the cars in Philadelphia; showing that a black man's complexion in Washington, in the presence of the Federal Government, is less offensive than in the city of brotherly love. Citizenship is no longer denied us under this government.

Under the interpretation of our rights by Attorney General Bates, we are American citizens. We can import goods, own and sail ships, and travel in foreign countries with American passports in our pockets; and now, so far from there being any opposition, so far from excluding us from the army as soldiers, the President at Washington, the Cabinet and the Congress, the generals commanding and the whole army of the nation unite in giving us one thunderous welcome to share with them in the honor and glory of suppressing treason and upholding the star-spangled banner. The revolution is tremendous, and it becomes us as wise men to recognize the change, and to shape our action accordingly.

I hold that the Federal Government was never, in its essence, anything but an anti-slavery government. Abolish slavery to-morrow, and not a sentence or syllable of the Constitution need be altered. It was purposely so framed as to give no claim, no sanction to the claim, of property in man. If in its origin slavery had any relation to the government, it was only as the scaffolding to the magnificent structure, to be removed as soon as the building was completed. There is in the Constitution no East, no West, no North, no South, no black, no white, no slave, no



slaveholder, but all are citizens who are of American birth.

Such is the government, fellow citizens, you are now called upon to uphold with your arms. Such is the government that you are called upon to co-operate with in burying rebellion and slavery in a common grave. Never since the world began was a better chance offered to a long enslaved and oppressed people. The opportunity is given us to be men. With one courageous resolution we may blot out the hand-writing of ages against us. Once let the black man get upon his person the brass letters U. S.; let him get an eagle on his button, and a musket on his shoulder, and bullets in his pocket, and there is no power on the earth or under the earth which can deny that he has earned the right of citizenship in the United States. I say again, this is our chance, and woe betide us if we fail to embrace it. The immortal bard hath told us:

'There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.  
Omit it, and the well-timed age of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
We must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.'

Do not flatter yourselves, my friends, that you are more important to the Government than the Government is to you. You stand but as the plank to the ship. This rebellion can be put down without your help. Slavery can be abolished by white men; but liberty so won for the black man, while it may leave him an object of pity, can never make him an object of respect.

Depend upon it, this is no time for hesitation. Do you say you want the same pay that white men get? I believe that the justice and magnanimity of your country will speedily grant it. But will you be over nice about this matter? Do you get as good wages now as white men get by staying out of the service? Don't you work for less every day than white men get? You know you do. Do I hear you say you want black officers? Very well, and I have not the slightest doubt that in the progress of this war we shall see black officers, black colonels and generals even. But is it not ridiculous in us in all at once refusing to be commanded by white men in time of war, when we are everywhere commanded by white men in time of peace? Do I hear you say still that you are a son, and want your mother provided for in your absence!—a husband, and want your wife cared for!—a brother, and want your sister secured against want! I honor you for your solicitude. Your mothers, your wives and your sisters ought to be cared for, and an association of gentlemen, composed of responsible white and colored men, is now being organized in this city for this very purpose.

Do I hear you say you offered your services to Pennsylvania and were refused? I know it. But what of that? The State is not more than the nation. The greater includes the lesser. Because the State refuses, you should all the more readily turn to the United States. When the children fall out, they should refer their quarrel to the parent. "You came unto your own, and your own, received you not." But the broad gates of the United States stand open night and day. Citizenship in the United States will, in the end, secure your citizenship in the State.

Young men of Philadelphia you are without excuse. The hour has arrived, and your

place is in the Union army. Remember that the musket—the United States musket with its bayonet of steel—is better than all mere parchment guarantees of citizenship. In your hands that musket means liberty, equality, fraternity; and should your constitutional right at the close of this war be denied, which, in the nature of things, it cannot be, your brethren are safe while you have a Constitution which proclaims your right to keep and bear arms.—*Philadelphia North American.*

#### LETTER FROM FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

[To The Anglo-African.]

Mr. Editor:—Let me say a word to Mr. Parker T. Smith, who has in the last number of your paper made me the subject of sundry querulous and—I fear, malicious remarks.—Let me tell the said Mr. Smith, if you please, that when he or his influential friend, of whom he speaks, shall have furnished any considerable evidence of his ability to fill my place at the North, he will have done something to convince me that I ought to assume the position he assigns me in the army at the South. I certainly have a pretty high sense of my importance, but Mr. Smith carries it a peg higher when he represents my not enlisting as being the cause of hesitation in his influential friend and others. According to him, there are numerous fighting men in Philadelphia, burning to go to battle, who are only kept back from deeds of valor, because I do not lead them. This is very strange. Whence came this general confidence in me, as a warrior? When have I been heard of as a military man? How happens it that among all the fighting material of Philadelphia, of which Mr. Smith speaks, not one man can be found, who could raise a company of these eager warriors? I suspect there is a cat in the meal. It is not because I don't form a company, that these influential gentlemen don't enlist. If the truth were known, there are other reasons, far more satisfactory, for their tardiness. If they really wish to go and don't wish to hang round the corner of Lombard and 6th Streets, they would soon find their way into Camp William Penn. It is very safe in Mr. Smith to thrust my example between himself and the battlefield, for he knows very well that for the present, at least, the Government is not ready to grant me a captaincy. There is something cowardly therefore in the boast of the influential gentleman, that he is ready to go to war when he can get a Captain, which he knows it is impossible to get. For the present I must think that this whole thing is a miserable and contemptible excuse for cowardice. Mr. Smith in alluding to the fact that two of my sons are already in the army, flippantly remarks: "no man's sons can work out his political salvation." I shall not stop here to combat this very profound remark. I depend upon no man, father or son, to work out my political salvation, and I hope to aid in working out the political salvation of others as faithfully as my assailant. But while I depend on my own energies for the place I shall hold among my fellow-men, I recognize the fact, which every intelligent colored man must recognise, that the black troops now in the field, and others, now on their way, can evince no patriotism, exhibit no courage, display no gallantry, win no laurels, achieve no victories over the insolent slaveholding rebels of the South, which will not directly and

powerfully tend to the social, civil and political advancement of every colored man and woman in the country. If therefore I am proud to refer to my two sons, as giving all that men can give to a common cause, I do not think that any sneers at this weakness—if it be a weakness, should be flung from the pen of the black man, for whose civil and political liberty those young men willingly endure hardships, dangers and death. If Mr. Parker T. Smith can thus sneer, I can only say as John Randolph said of another recreant: "I envy neither the head nor the heart of that gentleman."

In these dark days, Mr. Editor, when colored men of New York and other cities are scourged and driven from their homes, hiding in the woods like hares, affrighted and tremulous, unarmed and defenceless it is sad to think that any who claim to be the friends of our persecuted race, can find no better employments for their talents than in framing sentences of disparagement of those, who whatever may be their faults, have never failed in any trial to hold up and defend the colored race against all comers. At such a time as this I have no heart for the consideration of spiteful attacks from any quarter. But due respect for your readers has compelled me to denounce malice, to unmask pretense, and expose hypocrisy, which might have passed in the minds of some for manly frankness and honest devotion.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Rochester, N. Y., July 27th 1863.

#### FROM CHARLESTON.

THE 54TH MASSACHUSETTS AT FORT WAGNER—LETTER FROM SERGEANT DOUGLASS.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., July 20th.

My Dear Father and Mother:—Wednesday July 8th, our regiment left St. Helena Island for Folly Island, arriving there the next day, and were then ordered to land on James Island, which we did. On the upper end of James Island, is a large rebel battery, with 18 guns. After landing we threw out pickets to within two miles of the rebel fortification. We were permitted to do this in peace until last Thursday, 16th inst., when at 4 o'clock in the morning the rebels made an attack on our pickets, who were about 200 strong. We were attacked by a force of about 900. Our men fought like tigers; one sergeant killed five men by shooting and bayoneting. The rebels were held in check by our few men long enough to allow the 16th Conn. to escape being surrounded and captured, for which we received the highest praise from all parties who knew of it. This performance on our part, earned for us the reputation of a fighting regiment.

Our loss in killed wounded and missing was forty-five. That night we took, according to our officers, one of the hardest marches on record, through woods and marsh. The rebels we defeated and drove back in the morning. They however were reinforced by 14,000 men, we having only half a dozen regiments. So it was necessary for us to escape.

I cannot write in full, expecting every moment to be called into another fight. Suffice it to say we are now on Morris Island. Saturday night we made the most desperate charge of the war on Fort Wagner, losing in killed, wounded and missing in the assault,



three hundred of our men. The splendid 54th is cut to pieces. All our officers, with the exception of eight, were either killed or wounded. Col. Shaw is a prisoner and wounded. Major Hallowell is wounded in three places, Adj't James in two places. Serg't Simmons is killed, Nat. Hurley (from Rochester) is missing, and a host of others.

I had my sword sheath blown away while on the parapet of the Fort. The grape and canister, shell and minnies swept us down like chaff, still our men went on and on, and if we had been properly supported we would have held the Fort, but the white troops could not be made to come up. The consequence was we had to fall back, dodging shells and other missiles.

If I have another opportunity I will write more fully. Good bye to all. If I die to-night I will not die a coward. Good bye.

LEWIS.

#### TRIBUTE TO THE LATE COL. SHAW.

BEAUFORT, S. C., July 27, 1863.

To the colored soldiers and freedmen in this Department: It is fitting that you should pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of the late Col. Robert Gould Shaw, Colonel of the 54th regiment of Mass. Volunteers. He commanded the first regiment of colored soldiers from a free State ever mustered into the United States service.

He fell at the head of his regiment, while leading a storming party against the rebel stronghold. You should cherish in your inmost hearts the memory of one who did not hesitate to sacrifice all the attractions of a high social position, wealth, and home, and his own noble life, for the sake of humanity—another martyr to your cause that death has added, still another hope for your race. The truths and principles for which he fought and died still live, and will be vindicated on the spot where he fell, by the ditch into which his mangled and bleeding body was thrown, on the soil of South Carolina. I trust that you will honor yourselves and his glorious memory by appropriating the first proceeds of your labor as freemen towards erecting an enduring monument to the hero, soldier, martyr, Robert Gould Shaw.

R. SAXTON,

Brig. Gen. and Military Governor.

#### PROTECTION OF COLORED TROOPS.

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJ'T GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, JULY 21.

General Order, No. 233.—The following order of the President is published for the information and government of all concerned:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, July 30. It is the duty of every government to give protection to its citizens, of whatever class, color or condition, and especially to those who are duly organized as soldiers in the public service. The law of nations, and the usages and customs of war, as carried on by civilized powers, permit no distinction as to color in the treatment of prisoners of war as public enemies. To sell or enslave any captured person on account of his color, is a relapse into barbarism and a crime against the civilization of the age.

The government of the United States will give the same protection to all its soldiers, and if the enemy shall sell or enslave any one because of his color, the offence shall be punished by retaliation between the enemy's prisoners in our possession. It is therefore ordered, that for every soldier of the United States, killed in violation of the laws of war, a rebel soldier shall be executed, and for every one enslaved by the enemy or sold into slavery, a rebel soldier shall be placed at hard labor on the public works, and continued at such labor

until the other shall be released and receive the treatment due to prisoners of war.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By order of the Secretary of War.

E. D. TOWNSEND, Asst. Adj't-Gen.

#### LETTER OF HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

The following letter was written with reference to a convention recently held at Poughkeepsie to promote colored enlistments:—

Boston, July 13th, 1863.

DEAR SIR: It will not be in my power to take part in the proposed meeting at Poughkeepsie. But I am glad that it has been called, and I trust that it will be successful.

To me it has been clear from the beginning that the colored men would be needed in this war. I never for a moment doubted that they would render good service. And thus far the evidence in their favor is triumphant. Nobody will now question their bravery or their capacity. All that can be said against them is that they are not white.

But they have a special interest in the suppression of this Rebellion. The enemies of the Union are the enemies of their race. Therefore, in defending the Union, they defend themselves, even more than other citizens. And in saving the Union, they save themselves.

I doubt if in times past our country could have justly expected from colored men any patriotic service. Such service is the return for protection. But now that protection has begun, the service should begin also. Nor should relative rights and duties be weighed with nicety. It is enough that our country, aroused at last to a sense of justice, seeks to enroll colored men among its defenders.

If my counsels could reach such persons, I would say: Enlist at once. Now is the day and now is the hour. Help to overcome your cruel enemies now battling against your country, and in this way you will surely overcome those other enemies hardly less cruel, here at home, who will still seek to degrade you. Do your duty to our country, and you will set an example of generous self-sacrifice which will conquer prejudice and open all hearts.

Accept my thanks for the invitation with which you have honored me, and believe me, dear Sir,

Very faithfully, yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

EDWARD GILBERT, Esq.

#### SPEECH OF THEODORE, TILTON ESQ.

Delivered at the Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at the Cooper Institute, New York.

TUESDAY EVENING, May 12.

MY FRIENDS:—I bring to you the negro! Not the slave—not the contraband—not the freedman—but the negro! You and I will not meet slavery in the future as we have in the past. The times have changed. Our attitude now toward that system is the attitude of St. Margaret in Raphael's picture—our feet are upon the Great Dragon, and the palm-branch of victory is in our hands. (Applause.) The Cause which this May festival represents takes now a new phase. As the Journal of Commerce expresses it, "The opposition is no longer to the slave: it is to the negro." That is, there is a sworn enmity to the black man whether in his chains, or not—whether under the yoke, or free. Men dislike the color of his skin—so they lift their hands to smite his cheek. Our plea, therefore, is no longer for the slave. That argument has passed. It passed on the 1st of Jan. The needful plea now is for the negro. That necessity still remains. "The poor ye have always with you!"

Who, then, is the negro? What is his rank among men? Send men to search for the negro, and where will they look? They will look under their own feet for they keep him to trample on! Lift him up and ask who he is? and what do men answer? An inferior man—a sunken humanity—a half-gifted child of God. A white man, looking down upon a negro, straightway lifts himself up higher into a fool's pride.

But settle as you will who are above the negro, I will tell you who are below him—The Esquimaux are below him. The Pacific Islanders are below him. The South American Tribes poleward from the LaPlata are below him. The ground castles of India are below him: Bachman says that the head of the negro measures three square inches more than the head of the Hindoo.

The natives of Van Dieman's land are below him. Is the negro's skull thick? The Van Dieman's Lander breaks fire-wood over his! He would do to be his own school-master! (Laughter.) I can count you twenty races of men—and as many editors of newspapers—who rank below the negro. (Laughter.)

Ethnologists say that the classes of mankind are five—just a handful! You can count them on your thumb and fingers—like the five points of Calvinism. (Laughter.) Thus—Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American Indian, Malay. Now I put a question: would you exchange the negroes of the South for four million Malays? They are a nation of pirates. Would you exchange them for four million Chinese? Ask San Francisco! Would you exchange them for four million Indians? Ask Minnesota, and read her answer in fire and massacre! So, out of the five classes of mankind, the negro is your second choice. You prefer him before three-fifths of all the world! You rank him second to the Caucasian. That is to say, you count him the best man in the world after yourself.

Of course you would exchange the negroes for four million Caucasians. We have a Caucasian pride. But who are these typical Caucasians who have given their name to the best blood of the world? Who are these chief aristocrats of the earth? They borrow their supposed native seat. The books say that their women are like Venus—their men like Apollo—the finest known specimens of mankind. But Mrs. Primrose says, "Handsome is that handsome does." Now, what have these handsome Caucasians done in the world? I mean the pure original stock by the Black Sea—untainted by baser blood. They have accomplished nothing. They have originated no new ideas. They have left no record in history. They are like the Adam of the Scriptures—the original Caucasian of the garden—who probably had a fine figure and fair face, but who never said a single word, or thought a single thought, which God deemed worthy of record in the Scriptures to affirm. Take the whole double tribe of original Caucasians—Georgians on one side, Caucasians on the other—and compare them, for influence in the world, with our American negroes. I maintain that the slaves of the single State of South Carolina have done more useful work—have written themselves a more lasting name in history—are exerting more influence upon their day and generation—shaking States, changing governments, settling ideas—than the whole tribe of original Caucasians who still look up to their native mountain-peak to receive the whiteness of its snows upon their foreheads, and the glow of its sun-flashes upon their cheeks! Caucasian! The beautiful name is of as little account as the ugly-faced newspaper that steals it in this city. (Laughter.)

Do you say that the negro race is inferior? No man can yet pronounce that judgment safely. How will you compare races, to give each its due rank? There is but one just way. You must compare them in their fulfillment, not in their beginnings—in their flower, not in their bud. Nations rise, wax strong, decline. Now, for instance, how will you estimate the rank of the great Roman people? By its beginnings? By neither. You rank it at the height of its civilization—when it attained to jurisprudence, to statesmanship, to eloquence, to the beautiful arts. Otherwise you rank it unjustly. The Germans, to-day, give philosophy to Europe; but you can count the years backwards when the Germans, now philosophers, were barbarians. What could say eight or nine centuries ago, what was to be the intellectual capacity of the French nation? So no man can now predict



what is to be the intellectual destiny of the negro race. That race is yet so undeveloped—that destiny is yet so unfulfilled—that no man can say, and no wise man pretends to say, what the negro race is capable of being. Inferior? What is human inferiority? Will you look the child in his cradle and say, That is an inferior man? No. You wait for his growth—you judge him by his manhood. Will you look upon a race yet in its infancy, and say, That is an inferior race? No. The time has not yet come to judge that infant child; the time has not yet come to judge this infant race. These stormy times are yet only rocking its cradle in the tree-tops, as in the nursery song. It may be that the negro race—on their native spot—in the long future—growing strong as other nations grow weak—holding the soil in one hand, and the sea in the other—may yet rise to be the dominant, superior race of the world. I do not say this will be so; but I say, no man can prove that this will not be so. You may read Pritchard, and Pinkerton, and Morton, and Pickering, and Latham, and all the rest—the whole library of Ethnology—and in the confusion of knowledge you will find one thing clear—and that is, science has not yet proved, in advance, that the negro race is not to be a high-cultured, dominant race—rulers of their own continent, and perhaps dictators to the world. No man can foresee the future of the world's history. Who knows but that each continent may, in turn, become chief of the whole five in power and civilization? Asia once outranked Europe, but Europe now outranks Asia. North America, once a wilderness, now nearly equals Europe. Who knows but that Africa may yet in time, overtop them all? For, as the least shall be greatest in the kingdom of heaven, it may be, also, that the least shall be greatest among the kingdoms of the earth. (Applause.)

But, whatever is to be the destiny of the negro race in Africa, every man sees that we are not to have a negro race in America—I mean a strictly negro race of unmingled blood. We have no isolated race here, white or black except one—the Jews. The American people are many peoples—a nation of many nations. The four quarters of the earth send us their sons and daughters. As all tongues have entered into the English tongue, so all nations are entering into the English speaking race on this continent.

It is as if God, counselling with himself, how to make this nation the greatest on earth, had said—Of what fibre shall I make them? With what qualities shall I endow them?—Then he poured into their veins the Saxon blood, that their eyes might be filled with the sky, and their hair with the sun. Then he mingled with it the Celtic, quickened with mercury and touched with fire. Then he poured into it the sunny wines of the South of Europe. Then after many other gifts he gave it—last but not least—that strange, mysterious current, which bleeds, when wounded, like other men's blood; which dances in the pulse, when joy smitten, like other men's blood;—yet which carries the blackness of darkness into men's faces in token that it should also carry the shadow of death into men's souls!

Then God said, 'How shall I prepare a continent to be the home of such people?' And he straightway ribbed it through the centre with mountain chains—that the Swiss and the Swede coming hither, might still find fellowship of eternal hills. He salted it on either side with two great seas—that the maritime people of Europe, coming hither, might find still fairer coasts for their ships. He laid his palm upon it, levelling it to lake and plain—that the Hollander, coming hither, might find his customary flat lands, and might see how the Zuyder Zee, touched by miracle of nature, blooms into an illimitable level of prairie grass! Last but not least, he stretched its Southern slope into the tropical heats, that the negro also, coming hither, might find a home, where only he and the eagle should have courage to look at the sun.

It is with such a people, and with such a continent under their feet, that God is work-

ing out the destiny of the New World.

Is it a wise plan? Great nations get the fibre of their strength from mixed bloods.—In Europe—the most civilized of the continents—every nation stands built upon the broken fragments of former nations. God sets the centuries rolling over the nationalities until, in process of time, all peoples lose their original identity—the nations mingle their blood—the faces of the world is changed. It is written that 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth.' If part of this blood becomes separated from the general current of humanity—diverted for centuries, as with the Jews, into an exclusive and narrow channel—never resupplied out of the great reservoir of the race—history shows that it loses some element of richness, of vitality, of capacity for national greatness. What have the Jews gained by being miserly of their blood? Since Solomon, they have treasured up their nationality, letting none run to waste. But have they, in consequence, transmitted the wisdom of Solomon? When the Jews die, will wisdom die with them? Yes, in one respect. Solomon says that wisdom is gold. If the Jews were to drop off, I think gold would go down. (Laughter.) But I cast no shadow upon the Jews—those wanderers in the earth, who have no rest for the soles of their feet. For they, too, have a claim of partnership in the Christian doctrine which you and I must practise.—Honor all men.

As a single family, marrying within itself, violates the equities of nature, so a nation which keeps itself forever as an exclusive family among nations, holds back its own progress, and prevents its greatness. The history of the world's civilization is written in one word—which many are afraid to speak—which many more are afraid to hear—and that is, Amalgamation.

This is especially the history of this country. Was there ever such a motley multitude as compose this nation? Were there ever such interminglings of many races?—Saxon blood is spilt into Anglo-Saxon veins. Celtic blood hides in many a man's heart, who has never dreamed that he is an Irishman—and never will till we have war with England. (Laughter.) Feel the pulse of our American nationality—open the channel of its veins—question the blood concerning its pedigree—nay, look only at men's features as you meet them day by day—there a trace of German descent, and there an unmistakable Scotch feature, there a borrowing from the Spanish, there a token of Huguenot ancestry—why, the map of the whole world is written in the faces of the men who daily walk the streets of New York! (Applause.)

These stupendous processes of intermingling of races are going forward in this country.—First, we are absorbing the Irish race. Second, we are absorbing the German race. Third—what? Are we absorbing the negro race? No, just the opposite. Look at the facts. It is not black blood that pours itself into white veins. It is white blood that pours itself into black veins. It is not therefore, a philosophical statement to say, as President Stuart says, that the negro race is being absorbed by the white. On the contrary, the negro race is receiving and absorbing part of the white. A large fraction of the white race of the South is melting away into the black. I am not stating any theory on the subject—I am stating only the fact. That is the plain fact, which no man can gainsay.

Our fathers, in writing the Constitution, said in the preamble that it was to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. Southern interpreters claim that these blessings are for white men, not for black.—But who are the posterity of Southern white men? They are Southern half-black men. (Laughter.) If God were to step visibly into land, holding that preamble in His hand, and calling out, As many as are here named, let them come forth! how many would answer? A hand-writing in milk, held to the fire, becomes plain. So the record of white blood written in the black race of this country, is suddenly summoned to play tell-tale with its

secret, would give answer in the faces of three-quarters of four million slaves! I say three-quarters! These figures are not a guess. They are a careful estimate—based upon good authority—upon many inquiries—and believed to understate rather than to overstate the truth.

Have you not seen with your own eyes—no man can have escaped it—that the black race in this country is losing its typical blackness? Go into any social company of colored people. I was lately at a colored people's wedding—or they, too, marry, and are given in marriage. Not one in twenty of the colored persons present had either the pure African color or feature. What does this argue? That the negro race is passing away, like the Indian? No! The Indian is dying out—the negro is only changing color! Men who, by and by, shall ask for the Indians, will be pointed to their graves.—There lie their ashes. Men who by and by, shall ask for the negroes, will be told, 'See, there they are, clad in white men's skins!' The negro dying out? Vain thought! The race has not only his own blood to keep it alive, but is taking to itself the blood of the aristocracy of the South. The negro is filling his veins from two fountains of life! A hundred years ago, a mulatto was a curiosity—now the mulattoes are half a million. You can yourself predict the future! Mr. Phillips, last evening, held in his hand, on this platform, an early white may blossom of the coming harvest.—[Referring to the little white slave-girl whom Mr. Beecher had baptized the Sunday before.] What follows? Does any man wish to preserve the black race in this country as a distinctively black race unmingled with the white? Then destroy slavery! Otherwise, the negro will steal the white man's face. If you dislike to permit this, then give him his freedom! You must do one or the other!

The earth is covered with many distinct nationalities. What is God's object in this variety? It is to broaden and diversify human character. The thoughts of the Infinite Mind are so great that it takes many symbols to express one. What is God's idea of a flower? Is it a lily? Is it a rose? It is none of these by itself. It takes the whole garden of the earth—every flower that grows, every blossom that bursts in May—it takes all these, gathered out of every clime, the world around, to illustrate the greatness, the breadth of God's idea when he made the flowers of the field. Now, man—who is he? Is he a Frenchman? A Spaniard? An Asiatic? A Sea-islander? An Indian? A Negro? None of these by himself. It takes all man to make Man! It takes all tongues and tribes and races to mass up God's grand idea of humanity!

Look at Europe! What a diversity of races! Yet every race different from every other—and each, in some peculiar characteristic, superior to every other. Now, strike out the German mind from the world—strike out the French mind—strike out the Scotch mind—strike out the English mind—and you impoverish the world by just so much as you destroy any of its varying types of mankind.—Now, I maintain that, as you cannot afford to strike out any these, you cannot afford to strike out the Negro. (Applause.)

I will tell you why. In the first place, the negro is the most religious man among men. Is not the religious nature the highest part of human nature? Strike out the negro, then, and you destroy the highest development of the highest part of human nature. If the Christian system were to perish to day out of the world, it could be reconstructed to-morrow—not a doctrine lost—from the half-inspired lips of uncultured plantation slaves.—In Solomon's Song, the Bride is made to say, 'I am black, for the sun hath looked at me. Do you take the Bride to mean the Church—as Commentators say—and Christ the Head? Then I suggest whether the meaning may not be that the Church of Christ is preeminently the black race—the religious race of the world!

It is a mistake to rank men only by a superiority of intellectual faculties. God has



given to man a higher dignity than the reason. It is the moral nature. Now compare the inherent moral nature of the negro race with that of other men. Baron Larry says that the most perfect human skull is the Arab's—What is the Arab's religious nature? In the Academy of Design on Broadway is a picture of an Arab kneeling in the sand before the Sphinx, his ear at its lips, waiting in superstitious awe for the whispering of some secret which the dumb image will never divulge.—But the negro of the plantation—whom men call the meanest of the human race—knows better than the perfect-brained Arab; for, bowing down before no stone image, he lifts his face up to the Living God, saying, in the fervor of his devotion, 'The entrance of thy Word giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple.' (Applause.)

In all those intellectual activities which take their strange quickening from the moral faculties—which we call instincts, institutions—the negro is superior to the white man—equal to the white woman. It is sometimes said—I have heard Park Godwin say—that the negro race is the feminine race of the world. This is not only because of his social and affectional nature, but because he possesses that strange moral, instinctive insight that belongs more to women than to men. I suppose that the brain of Daniel Webster weighed five pounds. Now, Daniel Webster said, 'It is useless to reenact the laws of God.'—Frederick Douglass replied, 'It is worse than useless to reenact any other.' I think the black man's remark morally profounder than the white's.

Then, too, we have need of the negro for his Mirth—because he carries about in his bosom that cheerful heart that doeth good like a medicine. A negro's laugh has a summer day's sunshine in it. (Laughter.)

We have need of the negro for his Imitative Faculty—which, not working towards constructiveness—not making him a mechanic or inventor, (I mean as a class,) works toward the aesthetic faculties, and makes him the true dramatic actor, though banished from the stage. Shakespeare knew this, and drew Othello with an art so true to nature that the play will never be truly represented until you permit the negro to come upon the boards to represent it.

We have need of the negro for his Music—a great race, unto whom, in their bondage, as unto Paul and Silas in their prison house, God has mercifully given songs in the night!

But let us stop questioning whether the negro is a man. In many respects, he is a superior man. In a few respects, he is the greatest of men. I think he is certainly greater than those men whom clamor against giving him a chance in the world, as if they feared something in the competition. (Laughter.)

Now, what is it that I ask for the negro? I ask nothing more than for the white man, and nothing less. I ask nothing more than for myself—and nothing less. First of all, I ask that he shall not be a slave. Break the yokes; burst the chains; open the prison doors; let the oppressed go free! (Applause.) I ask, then, that after he is free, he shall not be oppressed by those cruel laws which degrade him to a secondary slavery in the free States. I ask that, in the State of New York, he shall go to the ballot-box, carry his ballot in his hand, subject to the same restrictions as white men, and subject to no other. (Applause.) On the day when the people of this State gain, with their right hand, a one hundred thousand majority for Abraham Lincoln, they gave with their left, a one hundred thousand majority against negro suffrage.—We must help the negro up from under the weight of that injustice. (Applause.) I ask, then, that he shall take his seat in the jury-box to perform his part in those honorable services from which no white man escapes.—Do you say that he is too humble for such a position? Well, I have known a million dollars—the interest of a great corporation—to hand in a jury-room upon the assenting voice of a twelfth juror, and he a poor humble mechanic, earning a dollar a day. It was a sublime spectacle! I ask, also, that the negro

shall be eligible to every political office to which white men are eligible. Then, after nomination, if you don't like him, vote him down as you vote down other decent men.—(Laughter.) Are negroes capable of holding office? Capable of governing States? Well, for instance, for the next Presidency, as between General McClellan and Frederick Douglass—who is your choice? (Applause.) In the British Island of Jamaica, the ablest man in the government is Sir Edward Jordan, and he is a negro. I hope to see the day when South Carolina shall be governed by some educated negro, who shall be lifted to that high position by the generous majority of a free people. (Applause.) I do not ask, just now, that competent black men shall hold office. I ask that incompetent black men shall hold office—for only so will they be on a level with the whites. (Laughter.)

I asked that the negro shall receive the respect of the best society. He always does—for that only is the best society that honors the poor. (Applause.) Ask him into your pew at church. Let him ride at your side in the cars. Give him the right hand of fellowship—as, indeed, God ordained, for he made the inside of the negro's hand white, for clasping a white man's. (Laughter.) The finest sight I ever saw in Central Park was an old wagon, an old horse, and an Irishman and a Negro sitting side by side on one seat, taking a fashionable drive. (Laughter.) That team and its teamsters, I thought, drove farther into the shadowy edge of the millennium than all the gilded cavalcade that whirled by! (Laughter and applause.)

Now, after these views of the character of the negro, and of his rights, what are the signs of the times? What are the hopes that this character will be acknowledged, and these rights achieved? A new era came in with Sumter. That fortress of Charleston harbor was built upon a foundation of New England granite; that State of South Carolina shall be rebuilt upon a foundation of New England ideas. How the war has changed character in two years! The Revolution of our fathers began with no idea of the independence of the colonies, but only a redress of grievances. The war now in the land began with no idea of the emancipation of slaves, but only the retaking of forts. But how grandly has that Providence—that rules the whirlwind and directs the storm—evolved out of a struggle for maintenance of the public property, a grander struggle for the maintenance of the dignity of man! We witness the spectacle of a great nation, staking all that it holds dear, in a contest of life or death, upon an issue which, stripped of all the disguises that conceal the real meaning of the war, means simply this—that we will no longer join hands in building up despotism whose corner stone is laid upon the body of the slave! Every flag that we now send southward is a token to the world that we mean no longer to suffer the despoiling of the poor.

This is something new in the world's history. A nation struggling for self-existence—that is nothing new! A nation struggling for self-aggrandizement—that is nothing new! A nation struggling against a civil war—that is nothing new! But here is a nation struggling for the rights of the meanest beggars that walk naked and hungry up and down its desolate plantations! This is something new. No record equals this, in human annals.—There have been many struggles for freedom before. The world is rich with their sacred memory. But what has been the aim of these struggles? They have been the contests of the common people against princes and kings, against priests and popes—striking at a tyrannous State oppressing them on one side, striking at tyrannous Church oppressing them on the other. The people heard a king say, 'I am the State,' and they smote the lie dead upon his lips, and ever since have said, 'We are the State.' The people saw an ecclesiastical hierarchy treading upon liberty of conscience, and they asserted the right of private judgment, and ever since have said, 'To our own Master we stand or fall!' The people, looking up, saw kings above them,

and drew them down; saw a privileged class above them, and cast them down; saw the various aristocracies of birth and wealth above them, and smote them down.

What, therefore, has been the struggle for liberty in the past? It has been the common people lifting up their hands above their heads to pull down to their own level the high, the noble, the proud! What is the struggle for liberty now? It is the common people reaching down their hands under their feet to lift up to their own level the low, the poor, the slave! (Applause.) This it is that constitutes the Christian marvel of our times.—This it is that distinguishes this war from every other war ever waged in the world.—Four million of slaves are under our feet: they are to stand at our side—each a child of God—each having a birthright here, and an inheritance there!—each crowned with a strange, immortal dignity, that falls like a coronet out of the heavens upon every man whom God hath honored, and whom God hath loved! (Applause.)

We speak of social equality and inequality—of high and low of rich and poor—of white and black. If you had walked down Broadway at six o'clock this evening—stomping that stream of humanity that pours hitherward after the mill-wheels of the day's work are stopped—you would have seen the merchant, the scholar, the lawyer—you would have seen the mechanic, the beggar, the black—all grades of men. You would have rendered them varying respect, according to their varying grade. But how soon, after all, shall these distinctions fade away, and all men shall stand equal before the bar of Him who is no respecter of persons! If, then, these distinctions avail so little there, why should they avail so much here? My thought goes out to that great multitude of God's lowly children, who are soon to be lifted to a higher estate on earth—that great race who, for two hundred and forty years, have been slaves on the same soil where we are free—whose bondage is three older than the Republic—whose fathers, for eight generations, have worn the chain and born the burden, and gone down with their sorrows into merciful graves!—What a record will be revealed against this nation in that day when the books shall be opened, and the graves shall burst, and the dead shall awake, and God shall avenge His own elect! I dare not think of it! Veil the picture! It is too awful for human sight!—Look, rather, to the far South, and see the living children of these eight generations of the dead, children more blessed than their fathers, having now a hope in this world—look southward, and behold them emerging out of the valley of the shadow of death into the light of liberty of the sons of God! My countrymen, give them a greeting of good cheer! Throw words of Christian welcome, like roses, under their feet, to make fragrant the pathway of their coming! For behold they come guided of Him whose reward is with Him who has said, 'Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these my little ones, ye do it unto me.' (Applause.)

The Hutchinson Family then sang, with great effect, the anti-slavery song, 'Over the mountain and over the moor,' when the President introduced Mr. Phillips as the next speaker.

#### SPEECH OF HON. GERRIT SMITH.

[Among the speakers at the Loyal League Convention held at Utica on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 26th and 27th, was Gerrit Smith, who delivered the following address:]

This strikes me as a very notable assemblage, politically considered, and in a certain point of view, morally considered also. Here we are, Democrats and Republicans, temperance men and anti-temperance men, some one thing and some another, and there are soldiers among us. I see soldiers [applause] who have returned from the battle-field, wet with the sweat of war, and some of them with its blood.—They have returned to receive our benedictions, and to be the witnesses of our enduring



and deep gratitude for their heroic defence of our bleeding country. [applause.] Now, what is the object that has had the power to collect this heterogeneous assemblage? I answer, it is a common cause. This is the mighty lodestone that has been able to draw us together, in spite of our mutual differences, in spite of our different views, and different characters. There are persons so bigoted and so impracticable as not to consent to come into a common cause. I know Democrats who, not even to save their beloved country—I cannot say, however, how beloved to them [laughter]—there are Democrats, I say, who, not even to save this dear country, will consent to vote any other than a Democratic ticket; and I know Republicans who will not consent to vote any other but a Republican ticket; and I know Abolitionists, and I am ashamed of them; [laughter.] and even temperance men, who will not consent to work with any other than their own sort of people. But we—I thank God for it—are not such. We though, differing from each other at many points, can, nevertheless, when the nation calls for it, consent to work together.

Now, I ask, what is the common cause which has drawn us together? Just here give me your special attention. I ask, again, what is the common cause? Is it to save the Constitution? Oh! it is inexpressibly more than that. There are many good, patriotic men who don't wish the Constitution saved as it is; they wish to have it altered. I, for one, would not have one word of it altered; I have pleaded for it with lips and pen, more than any Democrat living or dead. I would not have one word in it altered. [applause.] Well, if this common cause is not to save the Constitution, is it to save the Union? Oh! no! unspeakably more than that. There are good men and wise men, who do not like the terms of our Union; I like them all [applause.] I have never taken in my life, with lips or pen, the slightest exception to any of them; and probably never shall. Well, if it, then, the saving of the country that is this common cause? It is not even that, for there are many good men who do not like the present boundaries of our country. They wish it to be made smaller. For my own part, every rood of it is dear to my heart. [applause.] I would not have one star pass from the national flag [applause.] Not even poor South Carolina [applause and laughter.] I love even South Carolina. I love her for the memory of her noble men who stood by the side of our revolutionary fathers. I love her for another reason: I love her for what she will become again, when she shall have come out of her present degeneracy and madness. Well, now, if this common cause which has drawn us together is not the saving of the Constitution, nor the saving of the Union, nor the saving of the country, pray what, then, is it? My answer will be—and it will leap up from all your hearts to your lips—it is the putting down of this accursed and causeless rebellion [applause.] That is the common cause that has drawn us together. And now, mark you, we all stand together at this point, where all good and patriotic men can and do stand with us [applause.] And then one thing more; that is the very point where unpatriotic and selfish men refuse to stand with us. The very point. And yet, some of these unpatriotic and self-seeking men, and traitor among them, are very eager to assure us of their intense regard for the Union and Constitution and country. But when we turn upon them with the question, 'Are you for putting down the rebellion?' they are found wanting. That is just the only test to apply to them under its application they fail.

I recollect that, more than thirty years ago when Great Britain was agitated by the proposition to abolish British slavery, some Quakers supplied themselves with an image of a kneeling slave, and the appealing question was running out of its mouth, 'Am I not a man and a brother?' When the candidate for seats in Parliament would come around to these Quakers, and solicit their votes, and tell them of the many fine things they would

do if elected—things peculiarly acceptable to Quakers—these cunning Quakers would thrust in the face of these candidates this appealing image, and ask them, 'Can you go that? If you can't go that, we can't go you.' Just so do I do with these men when they prate about their love for the Constitution, the Union, and the country. I ask them, can you go for putting down the rebellion? If you can't go that we can't go you. O why should we go these vile hypocrites—for such they are—who talk about being for the Constitution and the Union and the country, and yet go not for putting down the rebellion, the putting down of which can alone save these blessings to us, and the triumph of which will rob us of them all?

And, now, we have before us but one duty; our one work is the work of putting down the rebellion. You have got to come to this point. I don't allow myself to become a co-worker with any one on earth who does not come to this point. The putting down of this rebellion must be done, come what will to Constitution and Union, and even country [applause.] Can you go that? [Applause, and cries of 'Yes, yes!'] For I hold that our duty to Justice, in putting down this rebellion, is infinitely more commanding and absolute than any duty we owe to the Constitution or the Union, or even the boundaries of our country. I claim that we are to go for putting down the rebellion unconditionally. Can you go that?—You are not to say, We will consent to put down the rebellion on conditions of the saving of the Constitution, the saving of the Union, or the saving of the country. You are to say, We go for putting down the rebellion unconditionally, and that is just where these traitorous enemies will not go along with us [Applause.] What! some one questions me, would you go for putting down this rebellion, with all the possible risks that the Union, the Constitution and the country might go down with it? I answer, I would. I answer, I make no calculation at all at that point. My only duty has been from the first, the putting down of this rebellion. And hence, some old Abolitionists, perhaps, would ask me, Do you go for putting down this rebellion at all possible hazards, that slavery may survive and be stronger than ever? I would. I run that risk [Applause.] I have no conditions to make in behalf of any of my lobbies, and have not had since the day of news reached me at Peterboro' of the bombardment of Sumpter. [Applause.]

And now let me here say, that in my philosophy, the putting down of crime cannot bring any harm to any good, cannot bring any help to any evil. Hence the putting down of this rebellion, which is the crime of crimes, cannot bring any possible harm to any good, in the Constitution, in the Union, or in the country, or in freedom—none whatever. I call it the crime of crimes. It has never known a greater crime than this attempt to destroy a nation which has never done anything to provoke that attempt—a nation which had always been not only just, but exceedingly partial, to those guilty of this piratical and murderous attempt. [Applause.] And now let me here say, that to make our selves most effective in this work, we ought to cultivate earnestness. Oh! what an immense advantage the South has had over us in that respect! If all our early Generals—I beg your pardon, Mr. President, I didn't include yourself—[laughter]—you are too nearly kindred to me that I should do that—I say, I our early Generals had had but a tithe of the earnestness that characterizes the South and Southern Generals, we should not have needed to be meeting here; the rebellion would long ago have ended.

And there is one thing more we need to cultivate, and that is resentment. We need more resentment to fight the rebels as we ought to fight them. That has been our want all the way through. I recall a conversation with that great and good man, Theodore Parker, which I had a few years before his death—a conversation on the elements in human character. He claimed great credit for our power of party hating. That's like him;

and were he now alive, you might be sure of having at least one hearty hater of the rebellion. He would exclaim with the Psalmist, 'Do not I hate them, O Lord? I hate them with a perfect hatred.' Perhaps some one would remind me of the prayer 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.' Now, I hold that this resentment is entirely compatible with the highest civilization and Purest Christianity, and entirely consistent with forgiveness; but, moreover, these rascals do know what they do. [Great laughter and applause.] Our Savior had none such in his eye when he prayed. [Applause.] They know what they do, and they do it with a hatred and with a will that put to shame our indecision and gentleness. I say, we must go unconditionally for putting down the rebellion. And let me add, our loyalty is to be unconditional. We have tried our government, and we can trust it. [Applause.] I do not say that we are bound to agree with it in all its views of tariffs and other things; I do not say that we are bound to approve all war measures even. It is entitled to our loyalty, because it has abundantly proved itself to be honestly and earnestly intent on putting down the rebellion. I observed, this forenoon, a shittishness on one point—at the point of politics. A word on that. I have observed, I mean to say, that some persons are afraid that this grand Loyal League, into which I would have all right men of the North, South, East, and West enter, will become a party machine. Now I would have this grand Loyal League mighty power in politics. That's my view of it. [Applause.] I would have it work day and night to keep out of political office every man who is not unconditionally against the rebellion. I do not say keep out of office Democrats or Republicans but every man who does not stand by the government, who is not unconditionally for the government. I have never in my life voted a Republican ticket; for I am, as I think, a Democrat of Democrats. Not a sham, spurious Democrat but a man going for the equal rights of all men. [Applause.] If any man hear can say, I am a Democrat, I answer in Paul's words—'I more.'

Our great work is before us. It is not to save the Union, or the Constitution, or the country; that is all prating. I do not want to hear a man speak about his love for his country, but rather about his hatred of the rebels. I will infer his love for the country by his hatred of the rebels. Put down the rebellion, and the Union and the Constitution and the country will take care of themselves. If a murderer should be discovered in Utica, the concern is to be not for the safety of Utica, but to arrest and punish the murderer. Arrest and punish him, and Utica will take care of herself. Nor do I want you to talk about what shall be done after the rebellion is put down. The rebellion is not put down yet, and we never shall put it down if we allow ourselves to be diverted from the actual and urgent duties of the present to speculations in regard to the future. The only problem, Mr. President, that we can solve to-day is putting down the rebellion. I would postpone every other thought to that solution. Let me add, 'Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.' We must grudge nothing; we must grudge no help, no precious treasure, no precious lives. Neither treasure nor life would be worth anything to us or any right-minded man, if this rebellion were triumphant. If we should fall, we shall need no property to live on; for then we shall be sinking under loads of infamy and anguish of heart, and shall desire to live no longer.

#### A STORY OF PATRIOTISM.

There lies before us a brief manuscript with signatures of which the following is the story: A gentleman of Massachusetts went to Newbern when Gen. Wilde went thither with a commission to raise negro troops. Two days before Gen. Wilde and Col. Beecher were to open their recruiting office, an acquaintance invited this gentleman, Mr. X, we will say, to ride a little way up the coun-



try, where a force of black men were at work for Government, cutting timber. When they got there, the acquaintance told Mr. X. he must make them a speech; adding that they knew about Wilde's errand, and had been waiting and praying for him. So Mr. X. took the stump; began with an account of the recent baptism of a negro child in Plymouth church; proceeded in such an address as he thought best adapted to move his hearers toward a disposition to do their duty in the war; and closed by leaving with them Gen. Wilde's address on a card, putting it into the hands of a great, fine-looking black man, a minister among them. And having finished his visit, he went about his business. The next forenoon Mr. X. met Gen. Wilde and Colonel Beecher.

'What the mischief have you been about?' said they. 'Did we not tell you we were not going to open until to-morrow?'

'What's the matter?' said X.

'Why hear has been a colored man this morning, before we were ready to do anything at all, and brought a hundred men with him, and they have all enlisted!'

That was the gang of Government woodcutters. That is the spirit of the colored citizens of the Tar State.

Well; when X. was coming away he espied a black woman trying to get past a line of guards to him. After some delay he caused her to be passed through, as well as a negro minister with her and she proceeded to hand him a brown paper parcel that jingled. And she said that this was some money subscribed by the colored ladies of Newbern, to get a standard for the 1st Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers. It was a hundred dollars, she said; and they wanted a first rate Standard. 'But you will need the money,' replied X. 'You had better keep the money.' 'The Government will supply the regimental colors.' This quite distressed both the woman the minister, and they insisted with tears in their eyes that it was their privilege and right to get the flag. And X., responding with some warmth to her enthusiasm, answered, 'Madam, you shall have the very handsomest flag that the city of Boston can supply.' This contribution, whose unprecedented jingle would at first indicate almost anything but money, was almost all in small silver—three-cent pieces, half dimes, and dimes—from the scanty savings of the slave subscribers. And the manuscript which we have alluded to is one of the subscription papers; the first subscription made by slave women in the United States for a flag for colored soldiers. Mark the brief, strong simplicity—even heroic in breadth, truth, and plainness—and the perfect choice of arguments, of the ill-spelled and unpunctuated appeal. It was written by Marian, a cook.—The handwriting, which we are sorry that we cannot give, though rugged and painful, as if the work of hands stiff with labor and unused to elegant literature, is singularly full of character, and as clear and strong as its sentiments. It is a significant and remarkable document; an epochal utterance from a race to whom, far more truly than to the whites of the United States, Laboulaye's title belongs—'The Uprising of a Great People.' Here it is:

#### Sub-Scriptor List.

Ladies old and young one and all I call on you in this time of our great Struggle for Liberty.

We a portion of us do intend to go forward and try and collect money enough to purchase a decent flag for our Colored Soldiers and Gentlemen for it is for [our] good and the good of our Daughters that our husbands and sons do in list to fight our Battles and gain our Liberty therefore therefore there be a work for us to do and let us rise and do our parts cheerfully please give me some thing to aid us in this matter.

Signed by Marian Haight and others!

We know no white person who could have put that case so powerfully. Independent.

#### THE FIGHT AT MILLIKEN'S BEND.

##### GALANTRY OF THE NEGRO TROOPS.

CAIRO, June 12.—The steamer Dunleith,

Capt. Wilson, arrived this afternoon, direct from Vicksburg, 7th inst., bringing Memphis dates to the 10th. The papers contain nothing of any particular interest.

From an officer of the Dunleith, I learn the following regarding the something of a battle which came off at Milliken's Bend on the afternoon of Saturday last, and the forenoon Sunday, of the present week. From the intelligent source whence it comes, I think it can be relied on as generally correct. The full details, however, may vary from this statement somewhat.

From facts as known when my informant left, it would appear that on Saturday last the Federal force at Milliken's Bend consisted of about 700 white troops and 800 negro volunteers, some 1,500 or 1,600 in all.

On Saturday evening an alarming report was brought in to the commander of the post, that a large force of rebels—some three thousand—were outside the works at no great distance, marching upon the fortifications. The commander immediately sent out his cavalry to detain the rebels, and station the colored troops for reserves in case they had to fall back. It turned out that it was well that this precaution had been taken, for after engaging the enemy and finding they were about to be overpowered, the cavalry did fall back and joined the colored infantry.

Then a battle took place which was waged on both sides with terrific fury. The rebels pressed still forward while the black troops opposed them with all their strength; but our troops had no artillery and the rebels had. Yet after a struggle of some hours the rebels were driven off, leaving a great number on the field slain and wounded. Their retreat was not followed up, our men being so much exhausted that a retreat was best to the Federal works, and preparations made for defense.

In the evening the steamer St. Cloud came up from below, and learning the bad state of affairs returned for reinforcements of artillery and a gunboat, and both were started up.

The gunboat Choctaw arrived upon the spot early on Sunday morning to find that the rebels had returned during the night.

They had busied themselves in gathering a large number of mules together, and when day broke started them forward, using them as a means of protection, while they followed close behind. They were promptly met by our troops, this time behind their breastworks. Gradually the rebels moved their line, sacrificing their mules to our rifle shots, and opened upon the works with rifles, shot guns, and artillery. But they made little by their strategy. They had not fairly engaged when the gunboat Choctaw came in for her share in the fight, using her heavy guns with telling effect, charged with shell. An unfortunate shot from the Choctaw, it is said, killed several members of the negro regiment. This was owing to the fact of the steamer not being able to elevate her guns sufficiently to fire above them to reach the enemy; but this was soon remedied, and for hours, or until afternoon the fight continued when the Choctaw succeeded in getting excellent range and sent such a storm of shot and shell into the rebel ranks that after being once or twice rallied they broke in disorder and fled—this time taking off their dead and wounded.

It was impossible for my informant to learn the extent of our loss, but it must have been considerable. About one hundred of the colored men fell. The rebel loss was also considerable, and up to a late hour on Monday, when the steamer Niagara left for Memphis, they had not returned to renew the attack, and it is presumed, that should they do so sufficient reinforcements in artillery have been forwarded to the Bend to give them a sudden and effectual quietus.—Missouri Democrat.

#### THE BLACK WARRIOR.

Since the last assault on Port Hudson—in which the gallant conduct of a black regiment lentuster even to defeat—the loyal press everywhere has exclaimed, *The question is settled—negroes will fight.*

But this question was settled long before that day at Port Hudson. It was settled by our fore-fathers in the Revolution. It was settled again in the war of 1812.

No studious reader of American history can fail to note the many meritorious services performed by black men for the American cause. We have been lately looking into some of those records, and will here quote a few facts. For example, here is a fact equal to Port Hudson. In 1842, at a public meeting in Francestown, N. H., a veteran revolutionary soldier, Dr. Harris, made a speech, in which he said:

'I served in the Revolution, in General Washington's army, three years under an enlistment. I have stood in battle where balls like hail, were flying all around me. The man standing next to me was shot by my side—his blood spouted upon my clothes which I wore for weeks. \* \* \* When stationed in the state of Rhode Island, the regiment to which I belonged was once ordered to what was called a flanking position. \* \* \* There was a black regiment in the same situation. Yea, a regiment of negroes, fighting for our liberty and independence—not a white man among them but the officers—stationed in this same dangerous and responsible position. Had they been unfaithful, or given way before the enemy, all would have been lost. Three times in succession were they attacked, with most desperate valor and fury, by well-disciplined and veteran troops, and three times did they successfully repel the assault, and thus preserve our army from capture. They fought through the war. They were brave, hardy troops. They helped to gain our liberty and independence.'

Hon. Triстан Barges of Rhode Island, in a speech in Congress, January, 1828, said:

'At the commencement of the Revolutionary War, Rhode Island had a number of slaves. A regiment of them were enlisted into the Continental service, and no braver men met the enemy in battle; but not one of them was permitted to be a soldier until he had first been made a freeman.'

'In Rhode Island,' says Gov. Easton, in his able speech against slavery in Missouri, 12th December, 1820, 'the blacks formed an entire regiment, and they discharged their duty with zeal and fidelity. The gallant defense of Red Bank, in which the black regiment bore a part, is among the proofs of their valor.'

In this contest, it will be recollected that four hundred men met and repulsed, after a terrible and sanguinary struggle, fifteen hundred Hessian troops, headed by Count Donop. The glory of the defense of Red Bank, which has been pronounced one of the most heroic actions of the war, belongs to black men.

In the engravings of Washington crossing the Delaware, on the evening previous to the battle of Trenton, Dec. 25th, 1779, a colored soldier is seen, on horseback, quite prominent, near the Commander-in-Chief—the same figure that, in other sketches, is seen pulling the stroke oar in that memorable crossing. This colored soldier was Prince Whipple, body-guard to Gen. Whipple of New Hampshire, who was Aid to General Washington.

In Washington's will, special provision is made for his mulatto man, William, calling himself 'William Lee,' granting him his immediate freedom, an annuity of thirty dollars during his natural life, or support, if he preferred (being incapable of working or any active employment) to remain with the family. 'This I give him,' says Washington, 'as a testimony of my sense of his attachment to me, and for his faithful services during the Revolutionary War.'

Black men fought bravely for the American flag on Lakes Erie and Champlain, upon the Mediterranean, in Florida with the Creeks at Soleykill, at Horse Shoe Bend, at Pensacola, and at New Orleans. When, in 1851, the anniversary of General Jackson's famous victory at New Orleans was celebrated in that city, the *Picayune* of the next day said: 'Not the least interesting, although the most novel feature of the procession yesterday, was the presence of ninety of the colored veterans who bore a conspicuous part in



the dangers of the day they were now for the first time called to assist in celebrating and who, by their good conduct in presence of the enemy, deserved and received the approbation of their illustrious commander-in-chief.

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop said in Congress in 1850:

'No regiments did better service at New Orleans than did the black regiments, which were organized under the direction of General Jackson himself.'

'This very week we have received a private letter from a friend in Venezuela, from which we copy the following testimony to the case in point:

'It is the general understanding that Gen. Falcón, the 'Federal' [Liberal] chief, will be placed at the head of the new government.—His Negro soldiers, so much sneered at and abused, have won him this triumph. Indeed, the best and only really reliable fighting material in Venezuela is the Negro element.—Even Gen. Páez, whose party has been rightly called the Aristocracy party, was compelled on all great emergencies and great occasions to call out the Negro Brigade.'

It will thus be seen that Negro soldiers have just determined the fate of Venezuela: perhaps they are to determine the fate of the American Republic.

We might multiply into a volume the testimonies concerning the great efficiency of the black soldiers in the former wars of American history. If our Government had been mindful of the lessons of this history, it might have set in the field at an earlier day of the present war not only a regiment of such men as stormed Fort Hudson, but an army—and not only one army, but two or three. Who can say that a few such regiments as the 2d Louisiana might not have turned many of our past defeats into victories? All honor to those brave black men at Fort Hudson, who, in one hour, vindicated anew the manful courage of their race! Let us give them the meed of Mr. Boker's lines:

Hundreds on hundreds fell;  
But they are resting well;  
Scourges and shackles strong  
Never shall do them wrong.  
Oh, to the living few,  
Soldiers be just and true!  
Hail them as comrades tried;  
Fight with them side by side;  
Never, in the field or tent,  
Scorn the black regiment!

Independent.

#### MISS DICKINSON AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Last evening, at the Academy of Music, Miss Dickinson delivered a powerful and pointed lecture on 'How Providence is Teaching the Nation.' Although not as crowded as on the occasion of our eloquent townsman's first appearance in our city this spring, the Academy was filled in every part, and the entrance of the speaker upon the stage was greeted with applause. In substance the lecture was as follows:

#### THE WORLD'S MARTYRS.

One of America's most eloquent orators has said—'Every step of the world's onward progress has been from scaffold to scaffold and from stake to stake.' It needs no proof. Reading down the page of history we find the record of brave lives sacrificed by lingering dungeons, by wearing famine and disease, by the short, sharp agony of rope or scaffold or stake, living true to liberty, suffering willingly in its behalf, dying sealing their testimony with their blood. We see cut clearly against the wall of the past the figures of contending armies or standards high advanced on one side of wrong and despotism; on the other, of justice and of truth.

We hear the cry, 'Forward, millions for your king,' answered by the battle shout, full and clear, of strong men, or gasped by white lips, slowly stiffening, 'God and liberty,' as the mighty hosts rush, and fight, and fall together. We scan the territory of bygone time, to see piled up mountains of slain, up which the slow steps of the nation have climbed, to stand, at last, on the high lands of freedom. (Ap-

plause.) We see that the world's benefactor, have been its martyrs. And yet how it has come, with mingled weeping and joy, to build their monuments. How the ground has been crimsoned with the best blood of the land, that it might bring forth its harvest of liberty! How the air has hung heavy with the whispers of dying men for the cause; dying that the great hearts and strong souls which followed might hear and cry aloud.

Step by step the world has advanced, century after century has waded through seas of blood, to come up with garments washed of manifold stains and slowly approaching whiteness. The good, cause has had no heralds to cry its victories, no trumpets to blaze its triumphs. When the battle has been fought and the little band collected, there have been too many vacant places to be filled, too many gaps to be supplied, to do aught save thank God for the victory gained—thank God that their comrades dying, died martyrs for liberty. Looking down the long vista of the future and seeing brave men struggling and falling on other and better fields to be fought and won, they have girded on their arms, rushed forward to the contest and died—as the Apostle said all true men died—in hope, not yet having received the promise; but with their works following them here in the world they died to save.

So in this age good men have learned the lessons of truth and justice, and the North, only half awake, seeing men as trees walking, has shaken itself from the chains which the South, for half a century, imposed, and slowly rose to recount its grievances.

#### THE GRIEVANCES OF THE NORTH.

It said, in the beginning, oh South, I saved you. Massachusetts first springing to arms, sending from eight to nine thousand more troops into the field than your whole territory—Massachusetts saved you, South Carolina, from the British arms and your own torments.—(Applause.) Plymouth Rock and the grand Puritan element growing there; New York, with its mingled elements of earnestness and fire; Pennsylvania, built upon the Quaker foundations of justice and mercy, with its Philadelphia and old Independence Hall, whose walls first echoed back the speaking of words which made crowned heads tremble and thrones totter, and despotism shake to its very centre, and whose top rung out the peal which proclaimed liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof—these, oh South, saved you—saved the nation.

You (the South) have only outraged truth and law; you have seized on virgin territory to transfer it to the embrace of slavery; you have broken a covenanted Constitution; you have lowered the flag of the free until it was the only flag that protected the maker of human traffic on the high seas; you have destroyed papers, presses, schools, churches, and driven men into the Mississippi because they were Northern men, true to the Declaration of Independence. You (the South) have done more than that. You have stretched abroad Kansas your wall of blackest infamy and crimson shame, battered down only by the patience and faith and the murdered heroism of high and great souls. You shall have no more.—I say it for my white men; I say it for my free laborers, and not for your slaves. Their rights I ignore now, but I will save myself.—She might have said more but she did not.

It might have said this, but it did not. It simply said, 'I take my stand on my right in the Territories.' So I, the North, fought my battles. I fought in 1856; I almost won; you cheated me in Pennsylvania; you forged nine thousand papers in Philadelphia, and you forged in other places. I waited. The years were mine, and now I'll conquer and prove triumphant. What then? We had Secession, Rebellion, Civil war. Why? The declaration of the sentiments passed in the Charleston Convention, December 21, 1860, they say it has been on the ground of the encroachments of the North on slavery, by passing personal liberty bills to nullify acts of Congress and the Fugitive Slave Law.—Was this true? If these bills, these laws,

were unconstitutional, even as they choose to interpret the Constitution, had they not their redress in the Supreme Court? Does anybody doubt they would have had the interpretation they desired, in a Court over which presided a man who has dared to thrust his puny fist into the face of Omnipotence by saying that the black man has no rights that the white man is bound to respect?

When the North waited patiently until it had elected its own President to enforce its principles, the South rebelled and went out of the Union because liberty was in the Union. Being an aristocracy, it went to war with the democracy that had proved too strong for it. They officially declared it to be so. If this, then, is a war for ideas, what is left us but to marshal democracy and liberty against their serried hosts and fight for the freedom of the world is at stake? (Cheers.) We must fight for the freedom of the world. Men on one side belie the contest, and cry out that it is a war for the nigger, and men on the other hand belie it and say that it is a war simply for the black man. It is the people's war for free government. (Loud applause.) In the North all freedom and free ideas have been massed, all the freedom of the world has been massed there, while opposed to this is all the despotism of the world massed at the South. Between them is the blackman. This it is well to understand. Europe sneers at us, men at the South cry out against us, and things at the North hiss out their amen to them—(applause)—that the free institutions of the North have failed. It will be time enough to say they have failed when America is properly represented. (Applause.)

We have fought with the South, and have not been successful. We have coped with them and have failed. Why?

#### THE CAUSE OF OUR FAILURE.

The South, weaker than we in education, refinement and wealth, in talent and enterprise, has proven stronger than we in the contest, because they are fighting in earnest and for a positive end, while we fight for a negative.—They have in their determination to conquer, impressed into their service every man and woman within their border, not that they all think alike, and we, in carrying out the war, have acted steadily in their behalf, speaking to them freely and treating them kindly, instead of meeting them as enemies, and fighting them as enemies, and destroying their self system and the aristocrat that have brought the war upon us, and because we have preferred the vain reputation of hurling clemency to that of our stern duty.

#### THE TRUE MEN FOR COMMAND.

Because we have seen earnest, strong hearted, true-souled men, able and accomplished officers and commanders, removed from their places of command at the head of the army, for no other than one crime—sincere love of their cause—sincere love of their country—standing manfully by this defense, and doing everything that they were ordered without questioning. On the other hand, we have seen men retained in high positions, men whose views and objects may be interpreted by the words of that General out West, who, in speaking of the President's proclamation, declared that he would cast it back into his face and leave him to be sacrificed.

Or by that other General in the South-East, who said, that rather than have the black man enrolled for the defense of the country he would see the North beaten and destroyed, or else represented by a man who, with but a two-dollar brain for planning battles, will not take the counsel of skillful officers, who are able and willing to adopt active measures.—General Halleck is the man I mean. (Loud and repeated applause.) And yet others who would have done nothing but led our armies to victory have been taken from the army.

#### THE INDOMITABLE ENERGY OF McCLURE.

There is a class of men in the North who seek only to disparage and deny the most splendid generalship and the most gallant fighting that this war has seen, who attempt to weaken the army and dishearten its leaders.



When the whole North was startled by the splendid strategy of the battle of Chancellorsville, all eyes were turned thither with anxiety; but when the first note of danger was sounded these men in the North began their old cry, 'Oh! for one hour of McClellan and his courage, his indomitable skill and courage.' His indomitable skill and courage!

Did they mean by this his great skill and courage as shown when he was kept at bay by the wooden guns of Manassas—(applause) or when he was held with his whole army at Yorktown by an enemy's army of only eight thousand men? Or is it the indomitable courage shown by leading his soldiers only in a retreat, being always first in escaping from disaster, not knowing when he was hiding away in his gun-boats instead of leading his great army to splendid victories! (Loud applause.) One hour of the skill and military genius of such a man, when the army at Chancellorsville was in danger, would have been fatal to our arms, for it would have left of that noble army nothing but broken and shattered masses to be marched as prisoners to Richmond, while the capital of the nation would have been left unprotected and undefended.

Really the courage and energy that saved the day were of a different stamp indeed; and we may sincerely thank God that we had a brain great enough to plan that battle—and there is no doubt that the plan was perfect and clear enough—when a whole wing of his army failed him at a critical juncture, to see that the only plan then was to prevent a more complete disaster. What should any discreet General have done but what was done? To shorten his lines and make them stronger than they were before. Not as a paper at the North, foolhardy and rash, has attempted to show, that this was not true generalship. When assistance was needed and danger threatened, he rushed himself to the front and exposed his person and his life like the meanest of his soldiers. So let us thank God that we have Hooker to command. (Loud applause.) Old party lines have been effaced now, in the crisis and penitence of our land, and we will clearly and distinctly draw the lines of separation between the true men of the country and the Copperheads who, hissing at the soldiers, cry out for peace.

#### TERMS OF PEACE.

They say they will make peace by bringing back the South into the Union under the old flag, with the right to command. But let us say to them, mistake not; you cannot.—(Applause.) With hundreds of thousands of lives sacrificed and millions of treasure poured out like water for the health of this nation, it would be the height of iniquity to bring back these rebels into an equal position with true and loyal citizens. We will not listen to the 'Copperheads' suggestions. To them we say, we will have none of you; but will curse you in any such attempt. When you say you will make peace, make peace with the South, that you are in favor of peace, a cessation of hostilities and the like, when you speak thus through the lips of your chosen men, let the wind of the true people arise and tear and shatter all such assertions and opinions.

#### TIT-FOR-TAT.

Let it be understood, too, that until the loyal men of the South are permitted to meet in indignation meetings to express their feelings and sympathy for their brethren in the North, united to them in truth, there shall be no sympathizing meetings here in the North (loud applause;) and that until these same loyal men of the South can meet in convention and declare for the Union, every convention in the North called for denouncing the Administration, the Government, and beginning or attempting to begin civil war and armed Rebellion among us, shall be put down by the strong arm of the Government at the point of the bayonet. (Tremendous applause.)

#### GOD TEACHING THE LAND.

When D'ISRAELI was once asked by a rough fellow on the hustings on what ground he stood there, answered, 'On my head, sir.'—So, when this nation is asked by what right it

has black men in the battle, it is learning to answer, 'By the right of his manhood.' (Applause.) The question of the manhood of the black man has met us in times past, and we have refused to hearken or to answer. We have trampled it under foot, spurned it aside.

We have heard away off in the distance the alarm bells ringing, and the awful cry of 'Fire, fire.' We have known that there was a fire burning asunder the dearest human hopes, and destroying the dearest earthly joys; a fire which had charred womanhood's purity and broken manhood's strength and pride.—Oh, we knew it, for we heard coming up the quick, sharp cry of agony, or the groan of torture and death wrung from its victims.—What was that to us? It did not come nigh us. We ignored it. To-day we stand in the midst of our burning dwellings, and through the thick flame and smoke we see the black hands which we have helped to bind, held up with the chains still about them, held up for our rescue. And at last we are ready to grasp them, saying 'Welcome, brother' (applause) and it is all that they ask.

All they say to you and to me is, 'Stand out of the way; let us fight for our own manhood and your nation.' (Applause.) How slowly we have learned to answer them. We have waited month after month, and at last—God help us—we have suffered almost enough to grant them their boon. Father, how have you learned the lesson? You ignored, in times past, those other fathers, whose sons were as dear to them as yours to you, who have stood by, and, with cracking heart strings, have seen all the hope, the pride, the strength of young manhood, trampled out of them, as theirs had been in the years gone by, yet impotent to help or to save. It was nothing to you then. Why is it to-day?

Because, standing, looking with hollow eyes at the vacant place at your heart—none, never to be filled by the bright, young, manly face, you have learned what a father's agony is, and have wrung the black father's hand with the grasp of suffering. So you have learned God's lesson. Oh, wife! oh, young girl! how have you learned the lesson? You, too, in your pride, ignored this thing in the times past.—You would not heed; you would not listen; what was it to you? To-day, with your heart strings wrung and cracked, with the life which was your life, lost, with the prop which was your strength and stay and shield, broken from under you, you have learned what other young girls and other wives have suffered as they have stood on the auction block, torn from the life dearer to them than their own, their womanly truth and pride and goodness sold in the market place, struck down to the highest bidder, with the man they loved, standing by, impotent to save.

Through the blackness of darkness of your grief, with the widow's weeds falling about your persons and hearts, you have learned the lesson. Oh, mother! how has it been with you? Happy mother in the years past, ignoring the fact that other mothers, with the deep, strong, unwavering love of the mother's heart, had been helpless to save their children—happy mother, even when you are watching the light fade out of little eyes, and the little clinging arms unclasp; happy mother, for you can feel even then the thrill of joy that you are the mother of an angel. You have had no sympathy, no word, no kindness for other mothers who stood by and watched their little ones, not borne from them as yours by the protecting hands of angels to the breast of the dear Redeemer, but taken from them, one after another, and sold on the auction bids forever from their sight into bondage, stripes and shame.

To-day you are looking for your homes across the country, and through the flames and smoke of the contest, above the din and roar of the battle, you hear the dear voice gasping out 'mother,' as the Rebel bullet strikes through and your brave boy drops dead. Oh, mother! as you have learned the lesson of womanly sympathy for other mothers.—So we have all learned it. We have come through anguish and suffering unalterable to the stand-point of justice.

Men of the North are you strong enough to die? Do you recognize the immensity of this contest so that you are ready to suffer until suffering shall pass into death? Remember Lyon, fighting so long as there was a hand to grasp a rifle, wield a sword or point a cannon, and who believed that the cause was worth dying for, as long as there was a life to be offered up.

Do you see through the smoke and flame of this contest WINTHROP, young and brave, a noble, manly life, cut away! ELLSWORTH, young and brave, flashing out for a moment, the flag twisted about him, and then dripping with his blood. Remember BAKER, marching in blood and flame against Bull's Run, a living monument to all coming time, fame, honor and self-sacrifice. And South Carolina, sacred with MINOR's dying face looking out from it. (Applause.) Men, too, falling thick as the dust at Antietam, and BEAVER, rushing forward and falling at Chancellorsville, besides two hundred thousand other lives as brave, as strong, as earnest, unrecorded, offered up.

This long line passes in solemn array, and lifting up its face to God, cries out, 'Avenge, avenge, avenge us, O Lord God!' and dropping his hand on you, he waits for your answer. Men of the North! Your weak regret is waste of years. Arms and pay to freedom and to them the debt by following where they led the way. (Applause.)

#### A VISIT TO THE 54TH MASS. REGIMENT.

DEAR ANGLO:—You have heard much of the rise and progress of the 54th Regiment Colored Mass. Volunteers; but no conception can be formed of their appearance, unless they are seen. We had long been desirous to see camp-life from an inside view, and accordingly started, Saturday, May 16th for the purpose. We took the Fall River route, and embarked aboard that palace of the sound, the Metropolis, where were Frederick Douglass, Esq., en route to camp, to visit his sons; Rev. A. Gerry Beman and Thomas Williams of Boston, on their way to Newport. We were all the special guests of Mr. Rice, the gentlemanly steward of the boat, who was indefatigable in his attention to all our wants, and the company of the gentlemen above named, made the passage the pleasantest it has ever been our privilege to enjoy, with the exception of a commotion, caused by a sea striking the boat about two in the morning, which alarmed the sleepers to such an extent, that many started in disabille to the deck, before they recovered their equilibrium. On poking my head out of my bunk, the cabin presented the appearance of having had an attack of the small-pox—here a black head and there a white one; a something could not have appeared on this route a few years ago, when blacks were not permitted to take cabin passage on the Eastern steamers.

When we took care in Fall River, we were sandwiched in between our friend Douglass and E. Fay, who led the mob in Boston in 1860. Time seems to have wrought some change in the fighting propensities of Mr. Fay, as he did not make any demonstration, but sat moody and uneasy in presence of the man who so discomfited him on that occasion; while Mr. Douglass, calm and collected, seemed to enjoy the joke.

Arriving in Boston, we rode to the residence of our mutual friends, Lewis Hayden, Esq., and his excellent wife; and finding there was no public conveyance to Readville, it was proposed to hire a hack and proceed to camp. Accordingly, as soon as we had arranged our toilet and eaten a hearty breakfast, and Mr. Douglass had visited his excellent wife and interesting daughter, who had arrived in the neighborhood the day previous—our host had a carriage at the door, and we started for the camp. The morning had been lowering and threatening, and at intervals we had a slight sprinkling—just enough to lay the dust.

The camp is some 10 miles from Boston, and starting about 10½ A. M., we reached at a little past 12. The road is hard and some-



what billy, but the surrounding country gives evidence of Yankee thrift and industry.

On rising the last hill, just before you see the camp, there are men with U. S. uniforms, who, at first sight (never having seen colored troops) would be mistaken for white men.—They were guarding the road, pacing up and down their beats. They allowed us to proceed without saying a word, and a quarter of a mile further brought us to the camp. Alighting from the carriage in front of the headquarters and assisting the visitors to the ground, we were about to go in, when the sentry ordered us to halt, rather peremptorily, and asked our business. We informed him that we wished to see Sergeants Vogelsang and Simmons, and Mr. Douglass' wife and daughter were on a visit to their sons and brothers. He called out, "Corporal of the guard, No. 2!" which was repeated several times by as many different men, when the official appeared and asked the same question as the sentry who halted us, and receiving the same answer, admitted us into camp.

Mr. Douglass found his son Charles suffering from the effects of a cold, and Lewis, Sergeant-Major of the regiment, in company with Sergeants Simmons and Vogelsang, absent at church, in Dedham. However, entertained as we were, by Dr. Becker, and others, at whose quarters we dined, we spent the time agreeably till they returned, which was just before dress-parade, 4 30 p. m. They greeted us heartily, expressed themselves contented and happy in their new positions, and after a very pleasant time, we returned to Boston, arriving about 7 30 p. m.

During the afternoon, at the church meeting of the regiment, Mr. Douglass delivered one of his eloquent, and soul-stirring addresses to the regiment, frequently eliciting the most hearty applause; a sketch of which I hope to see published in the *Anglo*.

Monday, 10 30 a. m., we took the train to camp, to witness the presentation of banners. The day was all that could be desired, and the display most magnificent. The train was very long and well filled with not less than 3000 visitors. Besides the vast numbers that went by cars, all sorts of well-filled vehicles brought hundreds.

But our letter, I fear, is already too long, and hope your Boston correspondent will favor the readers of the *Anglo* with a report of the interesting ceremonies on this occasion. LEO.

#### GEN. FREMONT AND THE COLORED TROOPS.

##### PROPOSED FORMATION OF A FREMONT LEGION.

Notwithstanding the unpleasantness of the weather last evening, a very fair audience, in point of numbers, assembled at the Church of the Puritans, drawn thither by the announcement that there would be presented a report of the Committee which recently waited upon President Lincoln to confer with him in relation to the enlisting of colored troops and their incorporation into the Fremont Legion, the corps to be under the leadership of Gen. Fremont.

Mr. Edward Gilbert, in opening the meeting, stated that the Committee, at the call of whose Chairman this assembly had convened, was appointed at a public meeting in that church on the 5th of May. The movement was one which originated with the colored people, and its object was to raise ten thousand colored troops. Reports had gone abroad that the friends of Gen. Fremont had had something to do with it, but he affirmed that no friend of Fremont, acting in his interest or by his counsel, had any hand in the matter. It originated among the colored people, and it was mainly carried on in its incipency by Dr. Glover, of Poughkeepsie, a colored gentleman, who believed that colored people could fight as well as white men if they had sufficient cause to impel them to do it; and he was gratified that, since the appointment of the Committee, colored men had proved that they can fight (applause.) The Committee had proceeded to Washington to see what could be done to aid the movement by procuring authority from the General government.

He would state in regard to Gen. Fremont that no member of the Committee cared anything for him further than that his name might be made useful in rallying colored people to sustain the Union and to fight for the crushing of the rebellion (applause.) About his standard the colored people would rally, for his name was potent and talismanic among them. He called upon Col. Fairman, who was, he believed, the principal spokesman of the Committee, to make a report of their interview with the President.

Col. Fairman said that they had, previous to an investigation of the matter, entertained doubts as to the practicability of the movement which they had under contemplation, but they were surprised to find that much progress had already been made before they or the public had been called upon to notice the scheme at all. In a memorial to the President of the United States, which they had drawn up, they stated to him that an extended observation and inquiry among the colored population of the free States had convinced them of the patriotism and devotion of this portion of their fellow-citizens, and of their willingness to bear their full share of the burdens, dangers and privations of the war against the rebellion; that events had proven the law to prevail no less at the South than at the North; that they believed that, with the knowledge that Gen. Fremont would lead them, a force of ten thousand colored troops could be enlisted within sixty days, thus forming a grand army of liberation and giving effectiveness to the proclamation of January, 1863; that pledges of enlistment upon these conditions had already been given by three thousand colored men; that, therefore, the memorialists petitioned his Excellency to place John O. Fremont in a suitable command, and that a rendezvous be named for the assembling of these troops and suitable provision made for their clothing and subsistence. They did not desire to have a long list of names to the petition; they had only thirteen, and they were the names of John E. Williams, Wm. Cullen Bryant, Horace Greeley, Daniel S. Dickinson, Wm. Curtis Noyes, Peter Cooper, Daniel Haight, Morris Ketchum, Edgar Ketchum, Parke Godwin, Henry C. Gardener, Daniel A. Stanbury and Hosmer Bushnell.

The President listened to the memorial and the remarks of presentation with earnestness and indeed solemnity, and replied that the policy of the government, so far as he represented it, and his will controlled it, was fixed and that the government would avail itself of any plausible instrumentalities to obtain the co-operation of the emancipated slaves of the South as a military organization (applause.) That we had been drifting to this result, and had partly been compelled to it by the exigencies of the war; that he was thoroughly in earnest in this purpose, and he only labored under embarrassment in regard to how to carry it out. He confessed the partial failure in recruiting colored troops both North and South, but admitted their patriotism, their enthusiasm, and their devotion to the cause of liberty. Indeed, he could not very well account for the seeming possibility we had arrived at in this enterprise, which he deemed an essential one to an early and complete success of the Union arms. He said to the Committee, "You ask a suitable command for General Fremont. There I see difficulty.—Gen. Fremont is the second officer in rank in the active service of the United States; a suitable command would certainly mean a department. I have not a department vacancy to give him; I do not think I would be justifiable in dismissing any commander of a department for the purpose of placing him upon duty as contemplated by your memorial." He discussed the portion of the memorial referring to the troops being commanded by any particular officer contemplated in the petition, and said that contingencies were liable to occur in which it would be necessary to transfer them to another officer—as, for example, in defence of the Capital, or any threatened point. To this the deputation replied that in such an exigency it was of course un-

derstood that those troops were to be used in warding off the impending danger. Taking a map, colored light and dark, to represent the free and slave States, and pointing to several dark spots upon it—one in the vicinity of Vicksburg—he said, "My view of it is, that the colored people will have to take those places, and will have to hold them" (applause.) "I desire to accomplish this result." He had tried to get officers of high rank to undertake it, but could not awaken their enthusiasm or inspire them with an energy that would give success to this thing. He would like to have any man who could do it to take hold of it, and he believed Gen. Fremont was the man to do it, that he was peculiarly adapted to this work; the course of events, his personal history, the impression of the people at large, as well as the attachment of the colored people to him, all pointed to him as the man for this work, and he (the President) would like to have him do it. Mr. Chase, who was present during the interview, said nothing whereby they could understand how he viewed the project. Mr. Sumner, who was also present, entertained it with enthusiasm. In conclusion, the speaker said that the Committee were pushing the matter with all the energy they could command, and were confident that a practical result would soon attest the earnestness with which they had labored.

Ellon. Henry B. Stanton was then introduced, and made a brief speech, during the delivery of which he was frequently applauded.

After remarks by Mr. Horace Greeley and several others, among them Mr. Downing, the resolutions proposed by the Committee were unanimously adopted, and the meeting was adjourned.—N. Y. Times.

#### PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO THE SECOND SOUTH CAROLINA.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

HILTON HEAD, S. C., May 27.

Yesterday a beautiful flag was presented to the 2d South Carolina by Miss Wheeler, through Gen. Saxton. The regiment marched from their encampment, a few miles from the city, early in the afternoon, and after passing through the principal streets of Beaufort drew up in front of the headquarters of Gen. Saxton. Col. Montgomery received the colors from the hands of Gen. Saxton, whose eloquent remarks upon presenting the flag I subjoin, together with a poem by Miss E. Murray, of St. Helena Island, read by Mr. Kitchen of this city.

Among the group of ladies who witnessed the presentation, and whose fair hands applauded the dusky soldiers as they marched off with their splendid banner, I observed Mrs. Gen. Saxton, Mrs. Gen. Lander, Mrs. Frances D. Gage, and several who have sacrificed much for, and who have deeply at heart, the cause for which these negro troops are about to offer up their lives.

##### SPEECH OF GEN. SAXTON.

I have the pleasure of presenting through you to the 2d South Carolina Regiment, under your command, this beautiful stand of colors, as a token of sympathy and recognition from one of the fair daughters of New England. She has modestly withheld her name from the standard, but I shall tell it to you. It is Miss Elizabeth O. Low of Norwich, Conn., a brave, true-hearted loyal lady, with a heart large enough to send you this beautiful flag, with her greeting as men and brothers, saying to you that she, as do many others of our fair New England women recognize the great principle of liberty to all, black as well as white, and her God speed to the great and you are making for the liberty and manhood of our race. I give it into your hand with an abiding faith that you will see that it is not dishonored. As you value and hope for your freedom, so must you value and fight for this emblem of our nationality. In days gone by it has sometimes been upon the side of the oppressor against the oppressed.—Some of you have not forgotten when it



brought no hope to the sadness which was upon your hearts, it seemed to be in league with your oppressors, forging new shackles and strengthening old ones. Thank Heaven that day has passed and it is now for liberty. In sorrow, deep and heavy sorrow, our nation has been and is still making atonement for the old dishonor in its heart's best blood, but out of all this sorrow is coming in the future, our glorious flag purified from the old stain which has brought all these curses upon our country. Thank Heaven that each star now sparkles and glistens in the clear sunlight of liberty and its stripes no longer mean lashes for the slave. You freedmen must now gather round it and fight for it, for upon its success hangs your destiny, of freedom or slavery. If you suffer it to be dragged down to the dust in dishonor and defeat, then would it seem that doom of your race is sealed, with no hope in the future but endless slavery. But I look forward to no such sad future. It is true the trials you have suffered sometimes made you who have so long been kept in bondage and so long been bent down by oppression, faint and falter by the way, and you feel that you will never get through the wilderness. But have true faith and hope and fear not. Remember that every blow struck, and every noble deed done is for your manhood and race.

I can see in the signs of the times hope for your race written all round in letters of light. Our country, the great North, now looks on and sees her cherished flag with all its old associations hallowed by the blood of her bravest and best, at the head of a regiment of South Carolina freedmen, and says Amen, which is swelling up louder and clearer every hour.

And Massachusetts, God bless her heart, now as ever leads the van in the great crusade for humanity and sends to South Carolina, her ancient enemy, because she was the enemy of truth, justice and liberty, a regiment of black men coming from the North to help you get your liberty. Fellow-soldiers, thank the Lord for this, and take heart. You are now about to start upon the most important enterprise in your history. I wish you to take this flag along, and bear it proudly at the head of your regiment, and in the hour of trial and danger forget not that its honor is in your keeping, that it is on your side and on the side of justice, liberty and God, who will surely give you the victory if you are true.

When a deed is done for freedom, through the  
broad earth's aching breast  
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from  
east to west;  
And the slave wherein he cowers feels the soul  
within him clumb  
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy  
sublime  
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the  
thorny stem of time.  
Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on  
the throne—  
Yet that scaffold aways the future, and behind  
the dim Unknown  
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping  
watch above his own.  
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet the Truth  
alone is strong;  
And albeit she wanders outcast now, I see around  
her throng  
Troops of beautiful tall angels to enshield her  
from all harm.  
We must upward still and onward! Who would  
keep abreast of Truth  
We ourselves must pilgrims be! Launch our  
Mayflower,  
And steer boldly through the desperate Winter  
sea,  
Nor attempt the Future's portals with the past's  
blood-rusted key. N. Y.

#### Retaliation, or Submission—Which.

From the Richmond Enquirer, July 30.

The enemy appears determined to goad us into all the most atrocious extremities of barbaric warfare, from which every human and civil

alrous feeling of our nature recoils. We have earnestly desired to carry on this war—since war there was to be—on those regulated principles which civilized and christian nations have adopted and established. Hitherto, in the face of grievous provocations and unmanly outrages, the Confederate Government has steadily pursued this course, but it seems that will no longer be allowed us. The Yankee Government, strong in its present excess of prisoners, and knowing that our citizens are more valuable to us in every way than their Hessians are to them, has stopped exchanges altogether, after first fraudulently inducing our Commissioner to give them up several thousand prisoners without equivalent.

They evidently adopt this policy, principally with a view of keeping out of the Confederate service the large number of prisoners now in their hands; and many of these are to be kept out forever—10,000 Confederates are now pining and dying in the unwholesome dungeons of Ft. Delaware, where they perish fast. But there is also another reason, or rather pretext, for putting an end to the cartel of exchanges; it is to have ample means of intimidating our Government from carrying out its declared policy of treating officers, who command hordes of insurgent negroes, as criminal under our laws. The N. Y. Tribune of the 23d says:

"We should be glad to see some explanation of the course which Gen. Grant was permitted to take in paroling the officers who surrendered to him at Vicksburg. Previously to that surrender, the rebel Commissioner of Exchange had been notified that this Government meant to protect all officers and soldiers under its flag, without regard to color; and since the rebels persisted in refusing to exchange Col. Straight and his officers on the pretense that they were in command of some negro troops, our Government stopped all exchanges. If the authorities at Washington did not notify Gen. Grant to detain his prisoners, it is desirable to know why they did not."

This means that the enemy accepts with delight the issue raised by the order of President Davis with regard to the treatment of those ruffian Yankees who put themselves at the head of insurgent negroes to excite servile war. They are determined to insist upon our using such ruffian "officers" and their bands of black brigands as honorable enemies; and are happy to make the action of our government an excuse or occasion for putting to death Confederate officers and soldiers. They hail with pleasure the opportunity of showing that they rate the white master fighting for his country's independence at the same value with his insurgent slave; and this they will call a fine moral effect.

In this and all other matters, they intend to force us to adopt their theory of the war, and accept their appreciation of the combatants; and they rely upon their excess of prisoners, and the high value which they know we place upon our captive brethren, as the means of subduing us to their will.

And hitherto they have actually succeeded in deferring our government from measures of retaliation, by the simple method of announcing that they will not regard our acts as retaliatory at all, but as an original outrage, which they will then have to avenge tenfold. We have hanged one of their officers in retribution for the hanging of Mr. Mumford in New Orleans. We have never taken any vengeance for the massacre of ten citizens of Missouri, on pretence that they murdered a man who was not murder at all.

The two officers who drew the lot for execution seven weeks ago as a retaliation for the execution of two of our officers in Kentucky have not been hanged. We do not say that this execution is held in suspense on account of the most insolent threat of the enemy that if they shall be put to death the captive sons of two of our respected Generals shall be murdered. But the present state of the case must certainly give occasion to that supposition. It will be said that we are afraid to retaliate in a single case; and that in order to decide what outrages justify retaliation, we wait for the judgment of the enemy; that is, accept the Yankee estimation of a Yankee outrage.

It is not to be supposed that our enemy is blind, or inattentive to the advantage which we have given him over us. Accordingly it is apparent that the Lincoln Government now means to use that advantage to the uttermost—to be bound by the cartel of exchange just so far and so long as may suit that Government itself—for every captured slave restored to his master, to hang a white man—for the first act of long-threatened and well-merited retaliation we may venture to commit, to respond with a new outrage of ten-fold atrocity—to thin and waste our armies by keeping our brave soldiers in pestilential dungeons, making it sure that they will never more charge in Confederate line, nor wave Confederate battle flag.

If we threaten to do even so to the prisoners in our hands, they will make us welcome to do so; they can get Hessians in plenty. In short, they wish to provoke us to this most hateful and abominable contest in a sort of emulation of savagery. They dare us to it; and in order

to leave us no alternative, they show us too clearly that their intention is to ride rough-shod over us. They say plainly by their actions, "rebellion"—as they are merely suppressing "rebellion"—and enforcing obedience to the "laws"—have all the rights, and we none. It is for them to plunder towns and houses—for this is only a wholesome severity to make the population sensible that resistance is useless.

It is for them to shoot or hang such prisoners as they please, because they are (as they say) the legitimate authorities of the country, punishing their own misguided citizens. They deny our right to commit any act of retaliation whatsoever; and threaten that if we do, they will "punish" it terribly.

But it is said we are recognized as belligerents by the enemy himself, by the very fact of the cartel of exchange having been agreed upon; and belligerents have acknowledged rights of retaliation. Yes, but the cartel is at an end.—If they did acknowledge us as belligerents for a while, for a certain purpose, it is their intention, by putting an end to exchange, to withdraw that acknowledgment. To them we are once more "rebels" pure and simple.

We cannot accept this position. The Confederacy cannot afford any longer to suffer itself to be dealt with on this footing. Absolutely, we are either belligerents or rebels. If we are not prepared to stand upon our rights in the first character, we may as well avow ourselves rebels at once, beaten rebels, and take the consequences of our criminal acts.

We know very well what all these considerations tend to; and what the insolence of our enemy will infallibly end in. The Government is, we believe, most earnestly and anxiously engaged in the consideration of the question. The more decided, the more desperate the course it shall determine upon to bring our enemy to his senses, the better, we believe, the country will be pleased.

#### THE ATTEMPTED NEGRO RIOT AT NUNDA.

—We gave yesterday a brief account of a negro riot at Nunda, on Thursday night, July 30th.—A correct version of the disgraceful affair is furnished by the Nunda News, from which we copy the following:

There resides in this village a few very peaceable and unoffending black people. On Thursday night, July 30th, after the result of the draft for Nunda was known, the night-watch heard a great noise in the locality where these colored people live. It was after 12 o'clock at night.—On going to the scene of disturbance he found several notorious characters, who were abusing the black men and insulting the black women. They asked the watchman to protect them. He finally induced the rioters to leave, but before they did so they gave the negroes notice that if they did not leave town they would kill every one of them. Most of the vagabonds who made up the band appeared to be drunk.

So rampant had this mob spirit become that a number of prominent citizens who knew the purposes of these outlaws predicted that there would be another riot on Friday night last, and that bloodshed would be the result of it. Some of the more timid of our citizens, (very injudiciously, we think,) advised that these colored people be got away, quietly, in order to placate the wrath of this mob element. A wiser course was pursued. The negroes were advised that they would be defended, and would be justified in defending themselves; and they are in a condition to do it. The community owes it to itself to put its foot upon this cursed spirit of Mobocracy that thus manifests itself. It is bound in self protection to see that the lawless characters engaged in it shall be closely watched, and upon the very first indication of a renewal of their base purposes, that they be summarily dealt with.

—The colors of the 55th Massachusetts (colored) regiment, manufactured by J. Shillito & Co., of Cincinnati, are said to be of heavy silk, and elegantly painted and embroidered. Upon the shields attached to the staff of the flags is the inscription "God and Liberty;" upon the regimental banner are the words "Liberty or Death."

The Gazette says the flags will be taken first to Columbus, where they will be exhibited to Governor Tod, thence to the Camp at Readville, where Mr. Langston will present them in the name of the colored ladies of Ohio.

—The 54th Massachusetts regiment had arrived safely at Beaufort, in good condition, and were encamped near the city. Subsequently the regiment was sent to Florida.

—It is not generally known that the Enrollment law requires the officers to enroll all colored as well as white men.



## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—George Thompson, eldest son of William Lloyd Garrison, has been commissioned as a Lieutenant in the Massachusetts 55th (colored) regiment. He has never, we understand, accepted his father's Non-Resistance views, and has enlisted in the war from a high sense of duty to his country and the cause of freedom.

—NEGRO SOLDIERS ATTACKED.—Two mustered, but unarmed companies of the negro regiments raised here were attacked while passing through Georgetown, this evening, by a band of pro-slavery ruffians. They turned upon their assailants, routed them, and beat some of them in a most wholesome manner. One of the rowdies was hurt very badly.—Washington telegram.

—COLORED ARTILLERISTS.—The New Orleans correspondent of the Boston Journal, speaking of a colored battery of heavy artillery, in the defenses north of New Orleans, says the company had been organized only some two months, but in that time they had built for themselves a fine and tastefully ornamented camp, in a location which was formerly a dank and noisome swamp, filling it up with earth in some places more than three feet, graveling the walk in some places and paving it with bricks in others, turfing the borders to the paths, and laying out other portions in patriotic devices. "As regards the manual of arms, they were drilled two or three hours daily, and had, as I have said, achieved a proficiency truly wonderful. With a natural reputation for dullness of comprehension, we found them quick-motivated and catching and obeying all orders with a promptness and alacrity, the truth compels me to admit, far in advance of any white troops I have seen in the volunteer service. This is a strong assertion but I make it advisedly, and with thought. This company, 150 strong, is composed almost entirely of young men, between 20 and 30 years of age, robust, broad-shouldered and healthy looking. All were once slaves, and the very fact of their former servitude leads them instinctively to a discipline such as it takes white soldiers long to obtain. The non-commissioned officers are blacks like the privates, and they appreciate their positions, and study constantly to be worthy of the confidence of their commander."

—KIDNAPPING.—St. Louis, April 19.—A graceful business has come to light in this city. It has been carried on for several weeks in the guise and under the cover of the old slave code laws of the state, enacted in the dark ages, and which the legislature ought to have repealed long since. A well-known dealer in ebony goods has been buying up claims to runaway negroes, held by notorious rebels in this city and elsewhere, in cases where the whereabouts of the negro had been discovered. Whether in the country or in this city, the negroes have been forcibly taken and placed in the county jail or calaboose as runaways, the master paying their board, as required by law, at the rate of thirty-three and a-half cents per day. When fifteen or twenty are thus collected in the calaboose here, they are released by order of the master and secretly carried at midnight across the river in omnibuses to the Ohio and Mississippi railway depot on Bloody Island. Here they are guarded by hirelings of their kidnappers until morning, and then carried off by railroad to Evansville, Ind., and thence to Henderson, Ky., or to New Albany and Louisville. The Copperheads of Southern Illinois and Indiana are not to be feared in a case of abduction of this character. The guilty parties are liable to be hauled up for breaking the safeguards given to negroes by the Provost Marshal.—Cor. Tribune.

—Thomas Sims, the slave, who has recently rescued his wife and family from Vicksburg, Miss., was advertised by his old master—who offered \$500 for his arrest—in a Vicksburg paper, a copy of which has been received by a gentleman of Northampton, Mass.

—In the recent attempts of Admiral Farragut to pass the forts at Vicksburg, one battery was particularly noticed for its effective and precise firing, it doing more damage than any other battery. It has been ascertained that the guns of this battery were manned entirely by negroes.

—Col. Montgomery has made another expedition down to Darien, where he destroyed the rebel salt works and captured a cotton schooner. The town was destroyed.

—Retaliation for negroes settled itself in one case. The rebels at Vicksburg having hung a negro soldier, some negro soldiers caught a rebel picket, and hung him right up, in plain sight of the other.

—Gov. Curtin has issued an order regulating the raising of colored troops in Pennsylvania. He says the whole matter is under the immediate control and direction of the War Department, and citizens must not interfere with it.

—A letter from Milliken's Bend says that in the late contest the colored troops fought like heroes; after the first volley, the negroes clubbed their muskets and went in for a hand-to-hand fight. The rebels shouted "No quarter," and bayoneted the wounded. The colored troops took up the cry and played the same game. Negroes and rebels were found dead on the field, each transfixed with the bayonet of the other. Several rebels were found with their skulls mashed in by the negroes' muskets.

—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune says that a committee from New York, endorsed by George Opdyke, William Cullen Bryant, and Daniel S. Dickinson and others, are at Washington to request the Government to give a command to Gen. Fremont at some point where he can rally around him the colored men of the country. The President, in an interview with the committee, declared that he would gladly receive into the service, not ten thousand but ten thousand times ten thousand colored troops; expressed his determination to protect all who enlisted, and said that he looked to them for essential service in finishing the war. He believed that the command of them afforded scope for the highest ambition, and he would with all his heart offer it to Gen. Fremont."

—Gov. Seymour, of New York, was waited on a few days ago by a committee of colored men from Troy, who asked him if he would favor the organization of colored regiments. He replied that he should not, saying that he had "too much sympathy for the blacks to do so, as the position they must occupy would be one of extreme danger, and would lead to dreadful and unnecessary sacrifice of life."

Sacrifice of the life of rebels, the Copperhead Governor means.

—An additional foreshadowing of the policy of our Government toward its new colored citizens appears in a recent speech by Postmaster-General Blair, who strongly and clearly affirmed that no freedman may be re-enslaved; i. e., that henceforward black freedmen and white freedmen are citizens equally before the law.

—The work of recruiting among our colored fellow-citizens goes bravely on. At the rate of progress which has been made in the city for a few days, there will hardly be an able-bodied colored man left, when they leave for Massachusetts two or three days hence. Between twenty and thirty were already enlisted and

sworn in last night, and there is to be another meeting at the Decatur street Baptist Church—colored—to-night, to listen to speeches in reference to the service.—Fandusky Register.

—The battalion which is the nucleus of the first colored regiment raised in the District of Columbia marched over the sacred soil from Mason's Island, near Georgetown, where it is encamped, to Alexandria yesterday, and returned with 49 recruits, making 69 toward the fifth company, which will probably be filled to-morrow.

The battalion had a warm reception, "an ovation," to use the expression of one who was present in Alexandria. The whole town was out to see them, the streets thronged, the windows filled, not a disrespectful word was uttered in their hearing, even citizens of well-known rebel sympathies being forced to admit that these colored soldiers made a fine appearance. The white troops who man the forts near which the battalion passed also came out to see them. The general sentiment among them is that the freedmen will make good soldiers, and that there is no reason why they should not fight for the country.—Wash. Cor. Tribune June 11.

—The Port Royal (S. C.) South of the 6th inst. give an account of an expedition by Col. Montgomery up the Combahee river to forage, and bring in contrabands. The rebel pickets were met twenty miles out, and were driven back. Farther on a force of cavalry was encountered which fled across a pontoon bridge and escaped. A company of the command pushed on along the right bank of the river to Green Pond, where the Charleston and Savannah Railroad crosses the river, and destroyed the fine mansion, rice mill, store houses and cotton ware-houses of Col. Heyward. Another company, with a battery, went up the left bank, destroying the cotton, rice, mills and other property and bringing off the negroes, houses and all that they could carry. Gunboats accompanied the expedition as far as the river was navigable, and the rebels evinced a wholesome dread of the shells which they occasionally fired at them, as they pressed upon the retreating negro forces. It required only a display of flags and an uninterrupted pipe of the steam whistle to inaugurate a general stampede on the part of the slaves to our boats and forces. They come to the river banks in droves, in spite of efforts of drivers, to the contrary, who, pistols in hand, decreed death to the first one who disobeyed their orders to follow them, and take to the woods. There were men, women and children eager for liberty; and all found refuge under the stars and stripes.

The gunboats carried back 727 contrabands and several fine horses, and on their return to Port Royal, the expedition was greeted with every demonstration of delight by those who remained at that point.

—An officer of one of the gunboats off Charleston, who until recently has been opposed to the use of colored soldiers, writes as follows:—

I was a spectator of a fight on the field between the secesh and the Second South Carolina Volunteers, (colored.) The regiment is a credit to Wendell Phillips, and fought as the 8th Maine. They have one fault—they are great on the bayonet, and when they make a charge, nothing can stand before them. They will fight equally as well as the whites. Higginson and Kansas Montgomery are their colonels. The latter is a perfect dare-devil, a splendid fighter, and one of the most mild gentlemen I ever met.

—A while ago the faculty of Antioch College admitted a young woman of partial Indian descent to the privileges of the College. Th



young woman was possessed of an excellent moral character, and stood foremost as a scholar among other young ladies of the institution.

The students—not the young ladies, but the young men—very hastily deserted their college classes, and kicked up a row, on the ground that “a cussed nigger wench” was admitted. The faculty made no reply to their complaints, but promptly kicked them out into the cold, whereupon the Cincinnati Inquirer (copperhead) came out in a thundering article on the antagonism of races, justifying the students, and arguing “the right of society to protect itself against the introduction of disagreeable elements.”

After the ‘fuss’ had assumed portentous proportions, the faculty quietly came out in a card, announcing that the young woman was a woman of illustrious aboriginal blood, with an admixture of the white blood, probably of the democratic stripe, and that she should be protected in her rights, &c. On this the students came penitently back, apologized in public, gave written pledges of better behavior in future, begged pardon, and were permitted to return to their classes, taking the ground that, if the girl is of Indian blood, that, of course, puts a different complexion on her color—or rather, puts a different color on her complexion—in short, that the color, though just as dark, and the odor, though just as odorous as ever, has quite a ‘distinguish’ and aristocratic ‘savor,’ it being well known that the leading democratic politicians of Virginia have always held that an admixture of squaw into a democratic white family rather improves the original stock, and is decidedly more fashionable than purer whites.

—On Monday last two gentlemen, residents of this city, had an interview on business with the Secretary of War. The conversation turned upon the Emancipation proclamation, and the chances that there might soon be overtures from some of the insurrectionary States to be readmitted into the Union, with slavery. Mr. Stanton, with emphasis and action suited to the word, remarked: ‘When the negro blood which was shed before Fort Hudson and Milliken’s Bend shall return from the ground to circulate in the veins of living men, then, but never till then, by consent or action of mine, shall one freedman emancipated by the President’s proclamation be returned to slavery!’ We had the above from one of the two gentlemen in question, whose name is well known to the public.—N. Y. Eve. Post, 25th July.

—The following extract from The Free South (published at Beaufort, S. C.) of the 25th ult tells its own story:

‘Sunday last was a sad day in Beaufort. The arrival of the Cosmopolitan with the wounded from Morris Island, bringing also the intelligence that our brave troops had been repulsed in the assault upon Fort Wagner, cast a gloom upon the community greater than any it has experienced since the affair at Pocotaligo, and the death of the noble Mitchell. As the vessel neared the wharf with its freight of suffering, a silent, mournful concourse gathered around the landing, eager to lend a helping hand in removing the wounded to the hospital. As those who were able to walk filed off the boat and wended their slow way through the crowd, the scene was truly pathetic. The emotional nature of the negro broke forth in sobs and moans of compassion, while the sympathy and commiseration of the white man was shown only in the pale face and trembling lips. The wounded of the 54th Massachusetts came off the boat first, and as these sad evidences of the bravery and patriotism of the colored man passed through the lines of spectators every heart seemed to be touched, and we will vouch for it that no word of scorn or contempt for negro soldiers will ever be heard from any who witnessed the sight. In that moment our volunteers saw suffering com-

rades in the black men, and the tender hand and strong shoulder was extended as readily to them as to their fairer compatriots. All day and far into the night did the sad procession pass toward the hospital, and every man and woman at the post who could do anything to alleviate the sufferings of our brave fellows was soon busily at work.’

#### ANOTHER FEATURE OF THE NEW YORK RIOT.

That horrible riot in New York is being slowly crushed out. But, what fiendish work the demons have made! We blush for our common humanity, as we read of the poor, innocent, defenceless blacks. The records of the darkest ages and the most barbarous times will be searched in vain for a parallel to the savage ferocity displayed towards these poor creatures. Utterly inoffensive, completely defenceless, guilty of no crime, these poor wretches are inhumanly beaten, tortured, and burned to death. Is it possible that such horrible atrocities are being perpetrated in the nineteenth century, and in the greatest city in America?

But, while we stand appalled at the unparalleled barbarity and utter fiendishness of this mob, let us not fail to learn the lesson which its awful wickedness teaches. How comes it that such a deep-seated and ferocious antipathy exists against this poor race? How is it that this mob becomes more bloodthirsty than wild beasts? What has transformed these men into, not savages, but demons? Such a thing as this is not the growth of a moment, or a day. There can be but one answer. It is the fruit of that long, long era of injustice and violence which has marked our dealing with the negro. It grows primarily out of the dehumanizing influence of slavery itself. But its more proximate cause is the vile appeals to prejudice, to caste, and to race, which, for the basest possible ends, have for years been made to the lower classes of the community. It is the same spirit which shows itself daily in a thousand Protean forms of injustice and outrage to the black man, simply because he is black. It is the same spirit which crops out in those disgraceful enactments of professedly Free States, called “Black Laws.” This mob is only doing what a great many persons feel.

The appeals to this negro-hating spirit have been most bitter and virulent on the part of the disloyal press and speakers of the North during the progress of the war. The prospect that out of this terrible and wasting strife the poor black man—victim of centuries of wrong—might emerge on a higher and nobler plane of humanity, a freeman, a person in the full sense of the word, has filled these bad men with rage and madness. They have not ceased to appeal to the brutish instincts of the rabble. Every humane movement of the Government, on behalf of the blacks, has called down their sneers and enrage. They have never tired of the assertion that this was a “cigger war.” In all possible ways they have fostered a spirit of violence and outrage toward the defenceless blacks. At last, a civil outburst let this loose upon its victims, and we see the result.

Is there no lesson for every thoughtful patriotic and humane man in these facts?—Kansas City (Mo.) Journal of Commerce.

**FORTITUDE OF THE NEGROES.**—Policemen, soldiers, and citizens, who came into direct communication with the negroes, during the recent disturbance in the city, speak in the highest terms of the remarkable fortitude which they exhibited during the period of peril and alarm, and the still more extraordinary magnanimity which has characterized their conduct since. Driven utterly destitute from their homes, hounded about the streets like wild beasts, threatened with a cruel death at every turn, and cursed as the vilest of created things, they have returned neither cursings nor revilings, but have preserved throughout a calm front, and an attitude of demeanor which, in the whites, we designate a mark of nobility.

He who reflects upon the situation of the negroes during the week of riot cannot fail to see something of sublimity in their carriage, something of grandeur in their undaunted tranquillity. The soldier who, with troops of comrades marching shoulder to shoulder, faces the enemy in the bloody contest, receives from all of us a just tribute of valor. We recognize the courage which is requisite to teach a

deed, under the most favorable circumstances, and greet it with applause. What then shall we say for the negroes of New York? They faced with steady front, a foe more terrible than any enemy in the field, thundering with artillery. In the silence of their rooms, they heard the howl of a savage mob, thirsting for their blood. They could not feel that the chances were largely in favor of any single individual’s safety. They could not calculate that if taken prisoner, they would be treated with decent care. I which attests the soldier’s terror, was absent in their case. They were not called to engage in a magnificent struggle, where the issue was doubtful. Far otherwise. Maddened, cruel, brutal blood-thirsty rioters, were yelling for their prey, that they might tear it into pieces, and trample it under their feet. Hopeless, helpless, tortured in spirit, they endured the hours of the city’s paralysis, and the mob’s triumph.—Such strength of mind and firmness of soul, in the white race, we laud with panegyrics, and crown with honors. What shall be said of it in the black?—N. Y. Tribune.

**NEGRO REGIMENTS AT BATON ROUGE.**—We make the following extract (says the Boston Journal) from a letter recently received in this city from an officer in one of the Massachusetts regiments, a very intelligent and judicious man. The letter is dated Baton Rouge, March 23d:

We have here three negro regiments. I am acquainted with many of the officers of one of them, and I see the regiments every day at their duties. The officers are all white. Formerly they were black, but as they had little command over their men, they were mustered out, and white officers put in. Encamped close to us here is a New York regiment, who are infinitely inferior as well drilled soldiers, or workers, to the negro regiment of which I speak. This negro regiment have with their spades and picks built extensive fortifications here under the direction of their officers, without any assistance from white labor. Besides, they drill as soldiers and keep their clothes and arms in better condition than many white regiments. Of course, this is mainly due to their officers; but when I see such valuable assistance rendered to our cause by the blacks, I regret that the bill to arm negroes did not pass Congress.

**A PALPABLE HIT.**—Dr. Cheever lectured in his own church on Wednesday evening in refutation of the novel position lately assumed by Horace Greeley, that a State had the right to enslave its own citizens. In the course of the lecture Dr. Cheever made the following clever and telling hit:

He said the course of the Tribune and other journals on this subject reminded him of an old preacher in Edinburgh, who was rather absent-minded and much given to the taking of snuff. One day he was going two miles from his house in the face of a very strong wind, to preach, and when he got near the church where the congregation were waiting to hear him, he turned about with his back to the wind to take a pinch of snuff. But by the time he had put his snuff box in his pocket he forgot that he had changed his position, and so marched off straight ahead home again, leaving the congregation without a sermon. [Great laughter.] So these people take a pinch of their old ideas, and forgetting they have changed their positions back to old exploded theories while their congregations are waiting and longing for the truth, [‘True, true.’ Applause.]

#### The Future of Africa: MISCELLANIES: BY REV. ALEX. CRUMMELL, U.S.A. OF LIBERIA, AFRICA.

THE UNDERSIGNED proposes to issue in a 12 mo. volume, of about 300 pages, Orations, Addresses, and other Papers, mostly prepared for National and Missionary occasions in Liberia, West Africa; and pertaining to National Life and Duty.

The following is a list of the articles:

1. The English Language in Liberia.
  2. The Duty of a Rising Christian State to contribute to the World’s Well-being and Civilization.
  3. Address on laying the Corner Stone of St. Mark’s Hospital, Cape Palmas.
- P.S. The following names have been readily obtained, within a very few days, in the city of Philadelphia, mostly for ten copies:
- |                          |                         |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| Rt. Rev. A. Potter, D.D. | Rev. Albert Barnes,     |
| Benjamin Coates, Esq.,   | Rev. S. H. Tyng, D. D., |
| Mrs. Eli K. Price,       | of New York,            |
| Rev. J. W. Crocraft,     | John Welsh, Esq.,       |
| John S. Crozier, Esq.,   | Samuel Welsh, Esq.,     |
| Hon. Edward Coles,       | Rev. T. S. Malcom,      |
| Rev. B. T. Noakes,       | Hon. G. W. Woodward,    |
| A. R. Cope,              | John Bohlen, Esq.,      |
| Anthony P. Morris,       | W. Parker Foulke, Esq.  |



**THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.**  
1863. New York.  
The New-York Tribune, first issued in 1841, now in the twenty-second year, has obtained both a larger and a more widely diffused circulation than any other newspaper ever published in America. Though it has suffered, in common with other journals, from the volunteering and departure of tens of thousands of its patrons to serve in the War for the Union, its circulation on this 6th of December, 1862, is as follows:

DAILY.....	50,125
SEMI-WEEKLY.....	17,350
WEEKLY.....	148,000
Aggregate.....	215,375

Presently a Journal of News and of Literature, THE TRIBUNE has political convictions, which are well characterized by the single word REPUBLICAN. It is Republican in its hearty adhesion to the great truth that "God has made of one blood all nations of men"—in its assertion of the equal and inalienable rights of all men to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—Republican in its steadfast, earnest, defiant hostility to every scheme and effort of the Slave Power, from the annexation of Texas to the great Rebellion, to grasp the empire of the New World and wield the resources of our country for its own aggrandizement—Republican in its antagonism to the aristocrats and despots of the Old World, who fondly hail in the perils and calamities suddenly thrust upon us by their American counterpart the overthrow and ruin of the Model Republic—Republican in its hope and trust, its faith and effort, that this atrocious Rebellion must result in the single overthrow of its plotters, and the firm establishment of equal rights and equal laws throughout the whole extent of our country, wherein Liberty and Union shall indeed be "one and inseparable" henceforth and forever.

THE TRIBUNE devotes attention in calmer times, and to some extent in these, to Education, Temperance, Agriculture, Inventions, and whatever else may minister to the spiritual and material progress and well-being of mankind; but for the present its energies and its columns are mainly devoted to the invigoration and success of the War for the Union. Its special correspondents accompany every considerable army and report every import in incident of that great struggle which we trust is soon to result in the signal and conclusive triumph of the National arms and in the restoration of Peace and Thrift to our distracted, bleeding country. We believe that no otherwise can a fuller or more accurate view of the progress and character of this momentous conflict be obtained than through the regular perusal of our columns. And we earnestly solicit the cooperation of all friends of the National cause, which we regard and uphold as that of Universal Humanity, to aid us in extending its circulation.

#### TERMS.

The enormous increase in the price of printing paper and other materials used in printing newspapers, compel us to increase the price of THE TRIBUNE. Our new terms are:

#### DAILY TRIBUNE.

Single Copy.....3 cents.  
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Twenty Copies, to one address, one year, \$35 and any larger number at same price. An extra copy will be sent to clubs of twenty. The clubs of thirty THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE will be sent. To clubs of fifty the DAILY TRIBUNE will be sent gratis.

#### THE TRIBUNE.

When drafts can be procured it is much easier than to remit Bank Bills. The name of the Post-Office and State should in all cases be plainly written.

Subscribers who send money by Express, must prepay the Express charges, else it will be deducted from the remittance.

#### THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC

for 1863.

will be ready about Christmas.

#### NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, APRIL 20TH, 1863, and until further notice, Trains will run as follows:

#### EASTWARD.

12:55 A. M., via Direct Road, Cincinnati and Chicago Express. Stops at Newark 1:50 A. M., Savannah 2:23, Syracuse 3:30, Chittanooga 4:00, Oneida 4:20, Rome 4:45, Utica 5:15, Little Falls 6:00, St. Johnsville 6:20, Palatine Bridge 6:30, Amsterdam 7:30, Schenectady 8:00, Albany 8:10, Troy 8:50.  
5:00 A. M., via Auburn Road. Stops at all stations; arrives at Syracuse 9:10 A. M.  
8:45 A. M., via Direct Road, Syracuse Accommodation. Stops at all stations; arrives at Syracuse 9:15.  
7:25 A. M., via Direct Road, Buffalo, Suspension Bridge and New York Express. Stops at Lyons 8:30, Jordan 9:20, Syracuse 9:50, Chittanooga 10:20, Rome 11:00, Utica 11:35, Little Falls 12:15, St. Johnsville 12:30 P. M., Pal. Bridge 1:05, Fondra 1:25, Schenectady 2:20, Albany 3:00, Troy 3:10 P. M.  
8:30 A. M., via Auburn Road Steamboat Express. Stops at all stations between Rochester and Albany except Oka's Corners, Chautauque, Seneca, Half Way, Genoa, Kirkville, Canaseraga, Wampsville Green's Corners; arrives at Albany at 7:00 P. M.  
10:35 A. M., via Direct Road, Steamboat Express. Stops at Palmyra 11:25, Lyons 11:55, Clyde 12:12 P. M., Savannah 12:25, Jordan 1:00, Syracuse 1:40, Chittanooga 2:35, Oneida 3:00, Rome 3:30, Utica 4:10, Little Falls 4:40, St. Johnsville 5:10, Pal. Bridge 5:30, Fondra 5:50, Schenectady 6:50, Albany 7:30, Troy 7:40 P. M.  
12:00 M., via Auburn Road, Freight Accommodation. Stops at all stations; arrives at Syracuse 2:00 P. M.  
3:30 P. M., via Direct Road, Syracuse Accommodation. Arrives at Syracuse 7:10 P. M.  
6:15 P. M., via Auburn Road. Stops at all stations; arrives at Syracuse 11:05 P. M.  
8:30 P. M., via Direct Road, Cleveland and Chicago Express. Stops at Newark 9:30, Jordan 10:40, Syracuse 11:20, Oneida 12:15, A. M., Rome 12:45, Utica 1:15, Little Falls 2:00, St. Johnsville 2:30, Fondra 3:05, Schenectady 4:00, Albany 4:45.

#### WESTWARD.

3:15 A. M., Night Express for Buffalo. Stops at Batavia; arrives at Buffalo 6:00 A. M.  
3:15 A. M., Night Express for Niagara Falls. Stops at Albion, and Lockport; arrives at Suspension Bridge at 6:20, Niagara Falls at 6:35 A. M.  
5:00 A. M., Emigrant Accommodation for Niagara Falls. Stops at all stations; arrives at Suspension Bridge 8:45, Niagara Falls 9:10 A. M.  
7:05 A. M., New York Mail for Buffalo. Stops at Batavia and Lockport; connects at Batavia with train for Attica; arrives at Buffalo 9:30 A. M.  
7:05 A. M., New York Mail for Niagara Falls. Stops at Brockport, Albion, Medina, Lockport; arrives at Suspension Bridge 9:10, Niagara Falls 10:05 A. M.  
11:00 A. M., Accommodation for Buffalo. Stops at all stations; connects at Batavia with train for Attica; arrives at Buffalo 2:00 P. M.  
11:00 A. M., Accommodation for Niagara Falls. Stops at all stations; arrives at Suspension Bridge 2:15, Niagara Falls 2:40 P. M.  
5:20 P. M., Steamboat Express for Buffalo. Stops at Cold Water, Chili, Churchville, Berghs, Byron, Batavia, and Corfu; connects at Batavia with train for Attica; arrives at Buffalo at 8:00 P. M.  
5:30 P. M., Steamboat Express for Niagara Falls. Stops at all stations; arrives at Suspension Bridge 7:10, Niagara Falls 8:00 P. M.  
7:05 P. M., New York Express for Niagara Falls. Stops at Brockport, Albion, Medina and Lockport; arrives at Suspension Bridge 10:20, Niagara Falls 10:55 P. M.  
8:00 P. M., New York Express for Buffalo. Stops at Batavia, arrives at Buffalo 10:00 P. M.

**CHARLOTTE TRAINS.**  
Leave Rochester 10:30 A. M., 2:30 P. M., and 8:30 P. M.  
Arrive at Charlotte 9:00 A. M., 3:00 P. M., 8:45 P. M.  
Leave Charlotte 9:30 A. M., 4:30 P. M., 9:30 P. M.  
Arrive at Rochester 10:00 A. M., 6:00 P. M., 11:30 P. M.

#### TRAIN ARRIVE.

From Albany and Syracuse, via Direct Road at 3:15 A. M., 6:35 A. M., 6:20 P. M., 12:00 P. M.  
Way Train from Syracuse, 10:00 A. M., 2:45 P. M., 8:30 P. M., 10:15 P. M.  
From Buffalo—12:35 A. M., 7:00 A. M., 10:25 A. M., 4:15 P. M., 8:00 P. M.  
From Niagara Falls—7:05 A. M., 10:25 A. M., 4:30 P. M., 7:55 P. M., 10:30 P. M.

#### SUNDAY TRAINS.

For Niagara Falls—7:05 A. M.  
For Buffalo—7:05 A. M., 8:30 P. M.  
For Albany—12:55 A. M., 8:30 P. M.  
C. VIBBARD, Gen. Sup.  
H. W. CHITTENDEN, Asst. Sup.  
W. G. LAPHAM, Asst. Sup.  
Asst. Sup.'s Office Rochester.  
Monday April 20, 1863.

#### IMPORTANT FACTS.

Constant writing for six months is done cheaper with Gold Pens than with Steel Pens; therefore it is economy to use Gold Pens.

The gold pen remains unchanged by years of continued use, while the steel pen is ever changing by corrosion and wear; therefore perfect uniformity of writing is obtained only by the use of the gold pen.

The gold pen always ready and reliable, while the steel pen must be often condemned and a new one selected, therefore there is great saving of time in the use of the gold pen.

Gold is capable of receiving any degree of elasticity, so that the gold pen is exactly adapted to the hand of the writer; therefore the nerves of the hand and arm are not injured, as it is known to be the case by the use of steel pens.

Improvement made in the machinery for manufacturing gold pens, and secured to the subscriber by letters patent, have enabled him to overcome the many imperfections hitherto unavoidable in their production, and also to bring the cost within the reach of all.

He is now selling gold pens at prices varying from 25 cents to \$1.50 according to size, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best steel pens.

Sold by all dealers in the line throughout the country. Wholesale and retail at the store, No. 25 Maiden Lane, where all orders, in cash or postage at mps will receive prompt attention, and a pen or pens corresponding in value, and selected according to description will immediately be sent by mail or otherwise as directed.

Any one sending a single letter post stamp will receive a circular with fac-simile engravings of all sizes and prices. Address

MORTON, 25 Maiden Lane, New York

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All communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, Rochester, N. Y.

#### AGENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

We take the liberty of using the names of the following gentlemen who will receive names and subscriptions for Douglass Monthly in Great Britain:

Halifax—Rev. ROBERT LANT CARPENTER, Milt. Place.

Dublin—Mr. WM. WENN, 52, High Street, and 9, Dnville Avenue, Rathmines.

London—Mr. JAMES T. HALL, Borton Road.

Glasgow—Mr. JOHN SMITH, 173, Fingergate.

Leeds—Mr. ARTHUR HOLLAND, 4, Park Row; Rev. Canon HOLLAND, 11, St. John's Street.

Newcastle-on-Tyne—Mr. WALTER S. PAINES.

#### AGENTS WANTED.

In the Free States for the sale of Douglass Monthly. Speeches and Lectures. Large commissions allowed. The book will be issued June 15. Price \$2. Sent by mail on receipt of retail price. Address JAMES REDPATH, 21 Washington St., Boston.

The Fort Royal New South Corps the organization of the First South Carolina Volunteers has been completed, and the regiment turned over by Gen. Saxton to the War Department. A second regiment of blacks will soon be formed, with Gen. Montgomery of Kansas, as its commander. The officers of the First South Carolina have received their commissions from Gen. Saxton.